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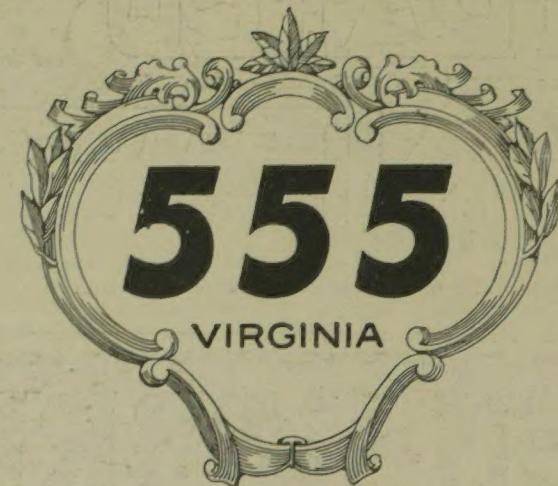
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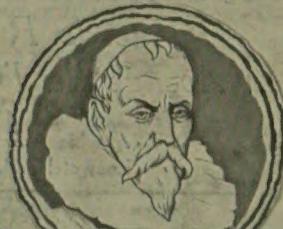


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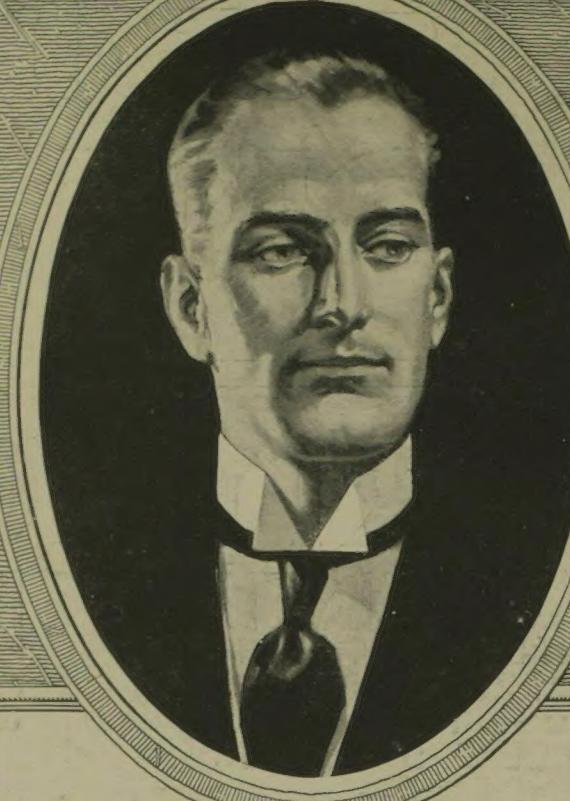
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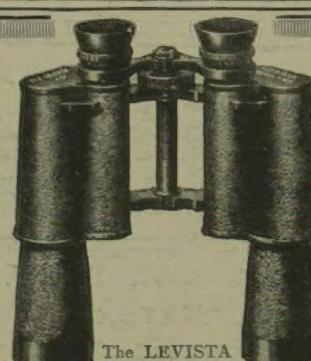
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1923.

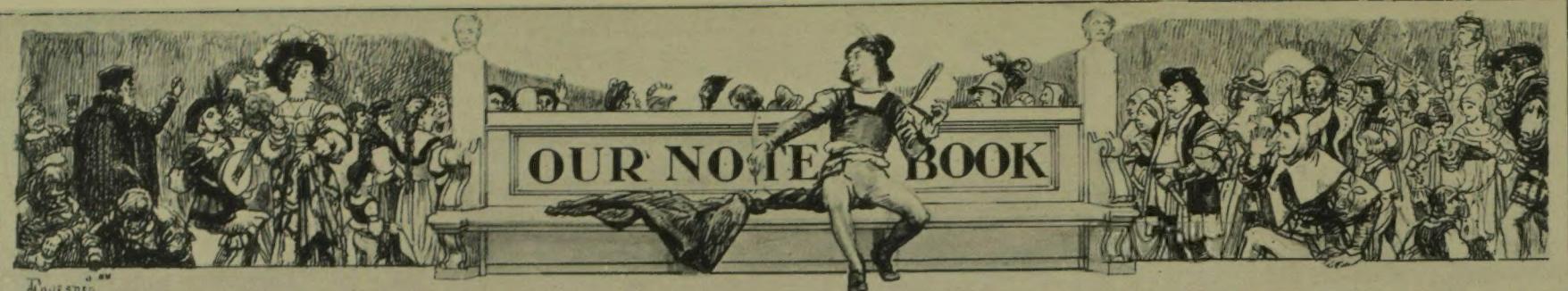
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THE WONDERFUL RESCUE OF MINERS ENTOMBED FOR NINE DAYS: THE REDDING COLLIERY, NEAR FALKIRK— THE SURFACE WORKS AT THE PIT-HEAD LIT UP AT NIGHT.

On later pages in this number, we illustrate the remarkable rescue, on October 4, of five more men from the Redding Pit, near Falkirk, which was suddenly flooded on September 25 while 75 miners were at work below ground. As described in our last issue, ten men escaped at once; and later on the same day 21 others were found and brought to safety, while 3 dead bodies were recovered. All hope of saving others, however, was not abandoned. The five men found alive on

October 4 had been nine days underground with only a piece of bread among them. On the same day three more bodies were brought up. Thus 42 of the 75 had been accounted for, and 33 still remained to be discovered. Ever since the disaster occurred, pumping has continued incessantly at the main shaft, besides the boring operations elsewhere which resulted in the later rescues. On October 8 three Naval divers from Rosyth began work in the flood water.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just been reading a very valuable and lucid essay by a Buddhist on the real nature of Buddhism. It is valuable because it is lucid; for almost all the accounts I have read before have been not so much obscure as merely verbose and vague. It appears in the "Buddhist Annual" of Ceylon, which somebody has very kindly sent me; and, bears no name except that of "An English Buddhist." But the English Buddhist seems to me to be a rather disconcerting ally for most other English Buddhists. At least, he would hardly be popular with those English Buddhists who more often call themselves Theosophists. The nearest Theosophy can come to being a popular religion is a romance of reincarnation. In other words, it is a romance about the soul remaining immortally itself, through the disguises of many different lives. The "English Buddhist" not only denies this immortality of the soul, but he denies the very existence of the soul. Indeed, he denies the very existence of the self. Existence is simply a destructive cataract of perpetually disappearing thoughts and feelings, at no moment of which can anybody be said to possess anything, least of all a personality. As nobody has any personality, naturally nobody has any personal immortality. Indeed, the writer begins with a series of spirited and trenchant negatives. They at least refreshingly remind us that the English Buddhist is a very English Buddhist. He is anxious to maintain that Buddhism did not begin with Asiatics, but with "men of the Aryan race"; and certainly there is something in his own tone of the fighting spirit of the European. I hope he will allow another man of Aryan race, who prefers to call himself a European and a Christian, to quote in order his clear statements about Buddhism, and to append to each of them the obvious comment of Christianity. First, he says of Buddhism, "It is not a worship of the Buddha": in other words, it does not give men anybody or anything to worship. Second, "It is not any form of Pantheism": that is, it is not any form of theism; it has no God and certainly none so healthy as Pan. Third, "It has nothing to do with any theories of the origin of the Universe": that is, it does not satisfy the immortal intellectual curiosity of man about the origin of the Universe. Fourth, "It is not a body of dogma to be received as faith, on the authority of the Buddha, or of anyone else": no, it is a body of doubts to be entertained about everybody, including the Buddha and everybody else. Fifth, "It contains no esoteric mysteries": that is, it contains nothing of what nearly all our Theosophists meant when they called themselves Esoteric Buddhists. Sixth, "It does not teach the transmigration of souls": that is, it does not teach the one thing which nearly all its teachers in this country have especially recommended it as teaching. Seventh, "It contains no system or college of priests, for there are no priestly functions to perform": in other words, there are no practical functions to perform. There is nothing for anybody to give to anybody; nothing for anybody to do for anybody; no substance or support that anybody has in store for anybody; no daily bread, no pardon of trespasses, and no deliverance from evil.

Thus does the English Buddhist make a sweeping and ruthless clearance of the whole of Buddhism as commonly offered to the English. Of the extraordinary thing that he offers instead I will say something in a moment. But let me pause before passing on upon one of these very rapid but very rigid repudiations—the abrupt and absolute repudiation of the transmigration of souls. To twenty-nine men out of a hundred, being told that Buddhists do not believe in the transmigration of souls will be just like being told that Moslems do not believe in the Koran or that Spiritualists do not believe in spiritual communica-

cations from the dead. In short, it will be like being told that Calvinists never believe in Calvin or that Communists have a horror of Communism. It amused me to reflect what a vast number of novels of the occult sort were swept into the dustbin by that one swift gesture of the English Buddhist. At least, I fear they are not really swept into the dustbin, or even into the twopence-any-volume box. I fear that the fashionable and popular novelists who write best-sellers about Egyptian princesses reincarnated as English and American heroines will not suffer any serious decline in their sales in consequence of a metaphysical essay printed in a paper in Ceylon. I fear that "Dorinda and Her Dead Selves" will continue to appear on the bookstalls in a lurid cover

Anyhow, the English Buddhist in Ceylon has no use for that sort of nonsense. I congratulate him on his repudiation, if I cannot in all respects congratulate him on his substitute. Having given his definite and devastating summary of what Buddhism is not, he goes on to give a most interesting and even important summary of what it is. It is, so far as I can make out, simply a metaphysical meditation along the lines of fundamental scepticism. We are unhappy, it says, because we are continually acting or thinking or feeling on the assumption that something or other is actual and attainable and profitable. But instead of seeking for something, we should rather realise that there is no such thing as anything. Everything that seems to exist is in the very act of ceasing to exist; so that desire is literally another name for disappointment.

"Life in its light, becomes a never-ceasing passing, a flux, a changing, a thing in its very inner essence passing, never the same for two successive instants of its time . . . in all life, even in the highest sentient life, there is nothing that can be regarded as psychic substance, thing, or soul. This is the central doctrine of the teaching, it is the cardinal point of its enlightenment." The writer is quite clear and courageous on this point; he makes it perfectly plain that this creed does not say, as many creeds do say, that material things change but the soul survives them; it distinctly says that the soul has not an atom more survival than the material things, and indeed that there is no soul to survive. It is idle to talk about a personal identity in a future life, because there is no personal identity even in this life. Now, I am not going to develop in this place a philosophical criticism of this philosophy. I merely wish to point out what the philosophy is, according to one of its most lucid philosophers. I should like to draw attention to one or two points in the practical and moral question of consequences. The writer does indeed go on to maintain that the practical and moral consequences of this view involve the loftiest practice and the purest morality. But this latter part of his essay is certainly the cloudiest and least convincing part of it. I willingly believe that any number of Buddhists are very good men, but I cannot see that the theory itself, as here so lucidly enunciated, has any particular tendency to make men good.

For instance, the Buddhists call Buddha the Lord of Compassion; and I think I begin to understand what those who hold this theory mean by compassion. It seems to me almost the opposite of what Christians mean by charity. The rough, short-hand way of putting the difference is that the

Christian pities men because they are dying, and the Buddhist pities them because they are living. The Christian is sorry for what damages the life of a man; but the Buddhist is sorry for him because he is alive. At any rate, he is sorry for him because he is himself. "The next principle is that Dukkha, Suffering or better, Dissatisfaction, is inherent and involved in life. This, of course, has been already stated in the first of the Four Holy Truths, in which we are not only reminded that the incidents which inevitably wait every living thing, birth, decay, sickness, death, are painful; but that the very conditions of individual existence are fraught with sorrow too." When a Christian saint healed a lame man, he assumed that legs are a legitimate satisfaction. When a Christian hospital cures a sick man, it assumes that life is a potential pleasure. I cannot see, on the argument, why a Buddhist saint or hospital should help a man to anything—except perhaps to Buddhism. And surely the disappointment of all desire is as applicable to benevolent desires as to selfish desires. If Faust can never say, "Oh still delay, thou art so fair," why should he say it any more when he is a philanthropist than when he was a philanderer?

THE COLOUR OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURES.

WE have great pleasure in informing our readers that *The Illustrated London News*, by arrangement with Mr. Howard Carter, discoverer of Tutankhamen's Burial-Place, with the late Lord Carnarvon, has acquired

THE SOLE COLOUR RIGHTS

of everything appertaining to this epoch-making archaeological event. Everyone has seen the wonderful black-and-white photographs of the objects found in Tutankhamen's sepulchre, but it is reserved to *The Illustrated London News* alone to publish the Natural-Colour Photographs of these examples of Egyptian Art at its zenith.

In this connection, we have Mr. Howard Carter's authority for saying that never before—despite the long period of Egyptian excavations—has there been discovered anything to equal, either in design or in colour, the articles found in Tutankhamen's Tomb and in his Burial-Chamber. The ancient Egyptians were masters of polychromatic ornament, and those who have not actually seen them cannot realise the wonderful and exquisite colouring of the Throne, Chariots, Coffers, Jewels, and other royal possessions deposited in the final resting-place of the Egyptian King and now brought to light after so many years.

The readers of *The Illustrated London News* will now have an opportunity of seeing the real beauty of the treasures of Tutankhamen, for, as we have noted, we shall be able to present them, from time to time, with representations of these perfect examples of Egyptian Art

IN THEIR NATURAL COLOURS,
by means of Autochrome Photographs taken on the spot.

representing a large idol with green eyes. I fancy that "The Nine Lives of Norma Hellways" will still be adorned with press-notices saying that he who opens the book will open the abyss of abysses. Only for a moment can we indulge in the beautiful and consoling vision in which books of this kind are never written any more, but dissolve into Nirvana and endless night. Dorinda and her dead selves are evidently not dead but only damned; and those acquainted with the character of Norma Hellways will concede that a cat is allowed to have nine lives. But whether or no Norma has nine lives, she is very likely to have nine editions. And whether or no the lady reincarnates herself in an endless series of bodies, the author will doubtless embody himself in an endless series of books. Whether or no the spirit of man can die, the spirit of man's credulity and vulgarity and love of tenth-rate hocus-pocus will not die, at any rate in our time; and whether or no these special spiritual personalities can return, things as mean and morbid and idolatrous and silly will return, until something happens that is not provided for in the transmigration of souls, and trash can no longer triumph over truth.

EGYPT'S FINEST POLYCHROME TABLEAU.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON.



ONE OF THE GEMS OF EGYPTIAN ART FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: THE BACK PANEL OF HIS CORONATION THRONE.

A black-and-white reproduction cannot, naturally, give any idea of the exquisite colouring of this magnificent panel, which forms the back of the Coronation Throne found in Tutankhamen's tomb. The complete throne was illustrated in our issues of September 22 and 29. The panel is described by Mr. Howard Carter as "the finest tableau ever discovered in Egypt." It is wrought of inlaid polychrome

glass, faience, and stones of the finest workmanship, and shows the King and his Queen in the palace, with the sun's disc above them, radiating life. As noted on the opposite page, we have acquired the sole colour rights of the Tutankhamen treasures, and in later issues of this paper we shall be reproducing the above panel, and a number of other objects, in full colours.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF CURRENT EVENTS AND MATTERS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

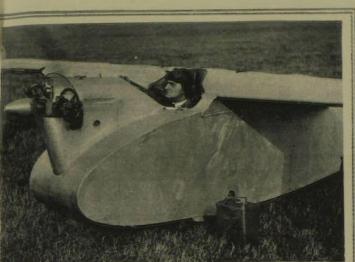
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THE OCCASION OF A HEROIC DEED BY A BRITISH BLUEJACKET: THE SINKING OF SUBMARINE "L9" (CENTRE) IN HONG KONG HARBOUR DURING THE TYPHOON.



A FLIGHT OF 87 MILES ON A GALLON OF PETROL: MR. J. H. JAMES, A LYMPNE COMPETITOR, FILLING HIS TANK.



ANOTHER COMPETITOR IN THE LIGHT AEROPLANE CONTESTS AT LYMPNE: FLIGHT-LIEUT. W. H. LONGTON IN HIS LITTLE "WREN."



AMERICA'S WAY WITH MOTORISTS WHO EXCEED THE SPEED-LIMIT: CONVICTED LAW-BREAKERS, LABELLED "CITY PRISONER," SERVING A SENTENCE BY DOING ROAD REPAIRS.



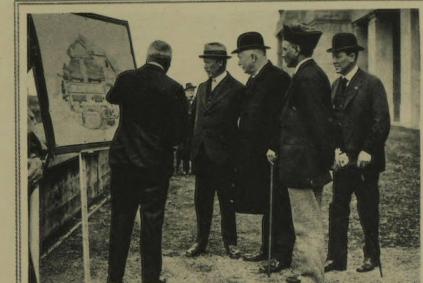
THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR IN THE REICHSTAG, WHERE HE RECENTLY GAINED A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE: DR. STRESEMANN (X) EXPLAINING HIS NEW POLICY.



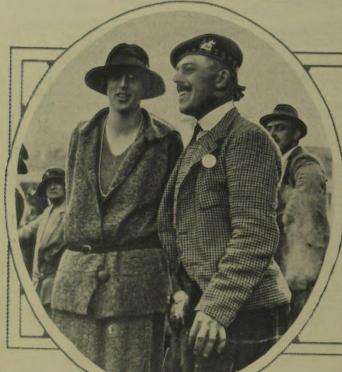
THE LAST ALLIED PARADE IN CONSTANTINOPLE BEFORE THE EVACUATION: THE COLOUR PARTY OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN FRONT OF THE DOLMA BAGCHE PALACE.



AT THE CONSTANTINOPLE CEREMONY: (L. TO R.) GEN. MOMBELLI (ITALY); GEN. SIR C. HARINGTON; SALAH-ED-DIN ADIL PASHA; GENERAL CHARPY (FRANCE).



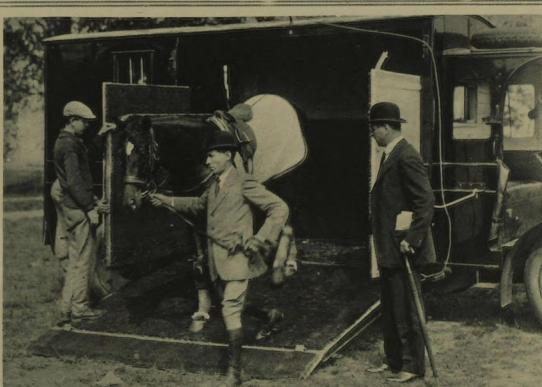
DOMINION PREMIERS AT WEMBLEY: (L. TO R.) SIR J. STEPHENSON; GEN. SMUTS; MR. W. F. MASSEY; MAHARAJAH OF ALWAR; MR. W. R. WARREN.



THE JOINT MASTERS OF THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS ENGAGED: LADY MAUD MACKINTOSH AND CAPT. HON. EVAN BAILIE.



THE DERBY WINNER IN AMERICA: A LUXURIOUS MOTOR-VAN (WITH PAPYRUS INSIDE) AND AN ADVANCE GUARD OF MOTOR-CYCLE POLICE, ARRIVING AT BELMONT PARK.



TO RUN AGAINST MR. HARRY SINCLAIR'S ZEV ON OCTOBER 20: PAPYRUS STEPPING OUT OF HIS TRAVELLING-BOY ON ARRIVAL AT BELMONT PARK ON SEPTEMBER 29.



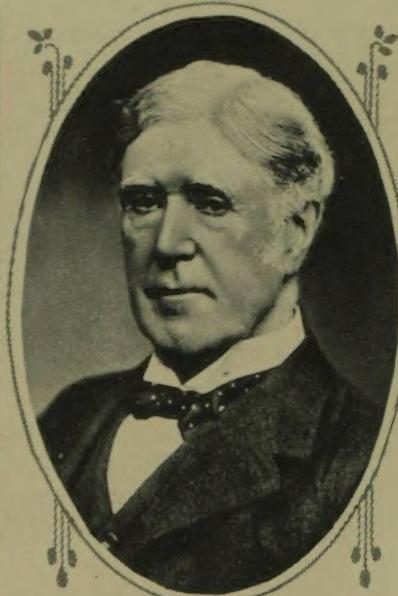
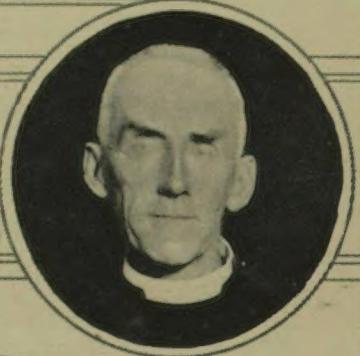
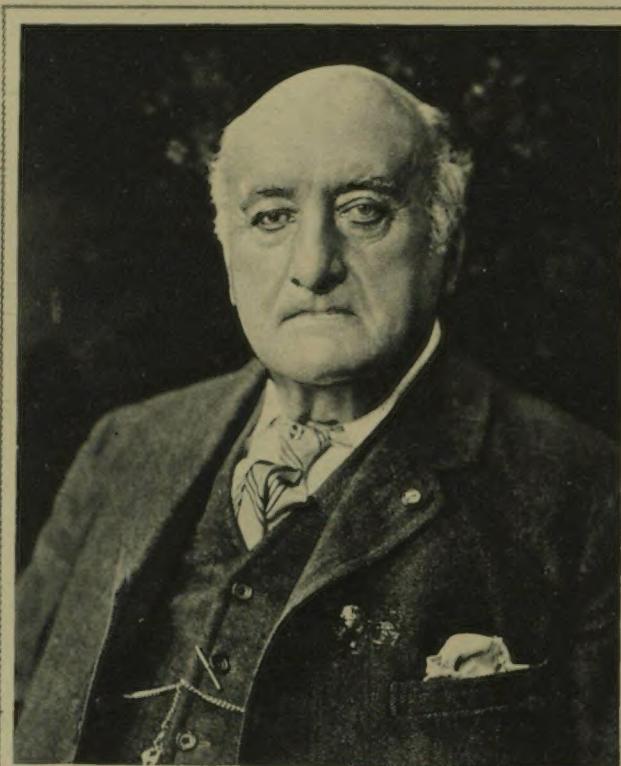
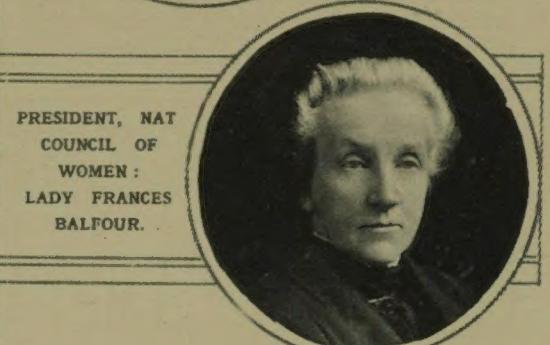
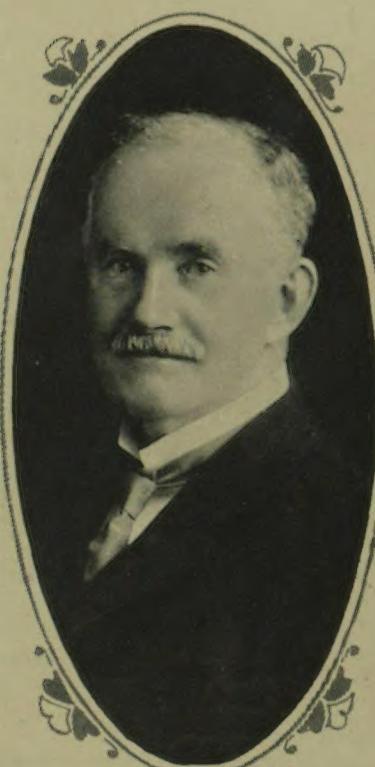
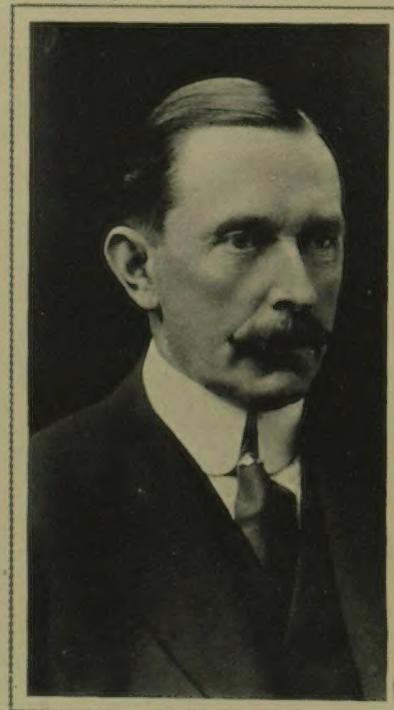
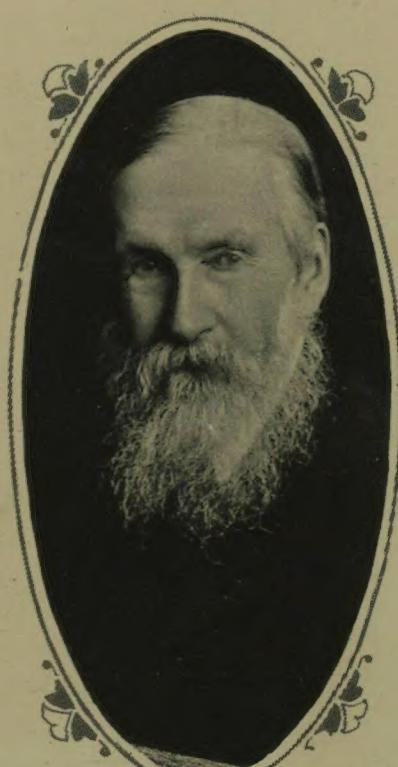
THE LATE LORD CARNARVON'S ONLY DAUGHTER MARRIED: LADY EVELYN HERBERT AND MR. B. C. BEAUCHAMP.

During the great typhoon at Hong Kong on August 18 the British submarine "L9," which was there under refit, sank in the harbour. The only man on board was her commander, Lieutenant Dickson. He was gallantly saved by a British bluejacket named Twiggens, who, having boarded the Japanese steamer "Ginyo Maru," was lowered from her bow attached to a life-line, and swam some 200 yards through the raging sea to the submarine. Previous photographs of the typhoon appeared in our issue of September 29 last.—On the first day (October 8) of the light aeroplane contests at Lympne, the best performance was that of Mr. J. H. James, who flew 87 miles on one gallon of petrol, in an Air Navigation and Engineering Company light monoplane. The next best was that of Flight-Lieutenant W. H. Longton, who did 85.9 m.p.g. in a Wren Cantilever monoplane.—A punishment that "fits the crime" has been devised in dust. Photograph shows speed-law-breakers serving sentence imposed in River Rouge, near Detroit, by wearing a special uniform and doing street repair work. Before this system was put into effect, traffic violations were the rule rather than the exception. But not any more.—Dr. Stresemann, the German Chancellor, who recently re-formed his Cabinet, is seen in our photograph explaining his policy in the Reichstag on October 6. On the 8th he gained a Vote of Con-

fidence.—The final ceremony of the evacuation of Constantinople by the Allied troops under General Sir Charles Harington, after an occupation of over four years, took place there on October 2. The Allied flags were saluted by the Turks, and the Turkish flag by the Allies. There was great enthusiasm.—Four Dominion Premiers—Mr. Mackenzie King (Canada), Mr. W. F. Massey (New Zealand), General Smuts (South Africa), and Mr. W. R. Warren (Newfoundland)—with the Maharajah of Alwar, visited the British Empire Exhibition grounds at Wembley on October 6.—Lady Maud Mackintosh is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire and widow of the late Captain Angus Mackintosh. Her fiancé, Captain the Hon. Evan Baille, is the eldest son of Baroness Burton and Colonel J. Bruce Baille. Lady Maud and Captain Baille became Joint Masters of the High Peak Harriers some 18 months ago.—It was officially announced on October 6 that the American horse chosen to meet Papyrus at Belmont Park on the 20th is Mr. Harry Sinclair's three-year-old, Zev. After landing at New York from the "Aquitania," Papyrus and his stable companion, Bar Gold, motored to Belmont Park on October 5 in a luxurious French horse-van lent by Mr. Joseph E. Widener.—The wedding of Lady Evelyn Herbert, only daughter of the late Earl of Carnarvon, of Tutankhamen fame, to Mr. Brograve Campbell Beauchamp, son of Sir Edward Beauchamp, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 8.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, PHOTOPRESS, PATERSON (INVERNESS), TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

A FAMOUS INDIAN ARMY OFFICER:
THE LATE COL. ALGERNON DURAND.NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY
TO TREASURY: LIEUT.-COL.
HON. WALTER GUINNESS, M.P.THE NEW LORD HOTHAM:
A COUSIN OF THE LATE
PEER.MURDERED IN BALUCHIS-
TAN: THE LATE CAPTAIN
LIONEL BAKER JONES.A LONDON MAGISTRATE 33 YEARS:
THE LATE MR. J. R. W. BROS.NEW BISHOP OF
TRURO: THE
RIGHT REV.
WALTER H.
FRERE, D.D."O.B." DEAD: THE LATE MR. OSCAR BROWNING, THE
FAMOUS CAMBRIDGE DON, EDUCATIONIST, AND HISTORIAN.TO BE GOVERNOR
OF NEW SOUTH
WALES?
ADMIRAL SIR
DUDLEY DE
CHAIR.A WELL-KNOWN
HIGHLAND LADY:
THE LATE ALICE
LADY FOWLER.PRESIDENT, NAT
COUNCIL OF
WOMEN:
LADY FRANCES
BAFOUR.NEW VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD:
MR. JOSEPH WELLS.NEW UNDER-SEC. FOR WAR:
COLONEL WILFRID ASHLEY, M.P.NEW PARL. SEC., MIN. OF TRANS-
PORT: LT.-COL. MOORE-BRABAZON.CHEMIST AND BIBLIOGRAPHER:
THE LATE PROF. H. MCLEOD, F.R.S.

Colonel Algernon Durand, brother of Sir Mortimer Durand, was the first British Resident in Gilgit, and has described his work there in "The Making of a Frontier."—Colonel Walter Guinness became Under-Secretary for War in Mr. Baldwin's Ministry.—The new Lord Hotham was previously known as Mr. Henry Frederick Hotham, Grenadier Guards.—Captain Lionel Baker Jones, of the Indian Medical Service, was recently shot dead while motoring in Baluchistan. He was to have been married on October 5 to Dr. Jean Riddell Purves, who was due to arrive in India on the 4th.—Mr. J. R. W. Bros was a Metropolitan Police Magistrate from 1888 to 1921.—Dr. Frere, a leading High Churchman, has written much on liturgy and Church history.—Alice Lady Fowler of Braemore was a daughter of the late Sir Clive Bayley, and wife of the

late Sir John Fowler, Bt., whose father was the engineer of the Forth Bridge.—Mr. Oscar Browning was a Master at Eton for 15 years, and from 1876 to 1909 was famous at Cambridge as founder of a history school and political mentor.—Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair was mentioned recently as likely to become Governor of New South Wales. In 1917 he accompanied Mr. Balfour's Mission to the United States.—Lady Frances Balfour is to preside at the National Council of Women at Edinburgh on October 16.—Mr. Joseph Wells is Warden of Wadham College, Oxford.—Colonel Wilfrid Ashley is M.P. for the New Forest Division.—Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon is a well-known pioneer of aviation.—Professor Herbert McLeod was Professor of Chemistry at Cooper's Hill for 30 years, and edited the Royal Society's "Catalogue of Scientific Papers."

JAPAN'S CHIEF PORT "TOTALLY DESTROYED": YOKOHAMA IN RUINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY E. STACEY.



A RUBBISH HEAP WITH THE SHELLS OF A FEW BUILDINGS LEFT STANDING: YOKOHAMA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE—A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE FOREIGN CEMETERY ON THE BLUFF.



SHOWING (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE SKELETON OF THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, WHICH PROVED TO BE A DEATH-TRAP IN THE EARTHQUAKE: ANOTHER VIEW OF DEVASTATED YOKOHAMA.

The destruction of Yokohama by earthquake and fire was even more complete than that of Tokio. Our correspondent who sends the above photographs states that the Specie Bank, shown in the lower one, proved to be a death-trap, and that on the steps alone a hundred people perished. Major Brackley, whose description of his experiences at Tokio during the earthquake is given on page 648, continues: "We set out to walk to Yokohama, little dreaming that we should also find that city totally destroyed. Our experiences on that tragic trek also baffle description. As the men, women, and children moved along, their

nerve-shattered bodies endured further torture by the frequent explosion of oil tanks, and at times they were compelled to flee before the burning oil which flowed swiftly down the hilly road. Yokohama was even worse than Tokio, but here the rescue work of the Red Cross was beyond all praise, and I cannot speak too highly of the splendid work performed by the 'Empress of Australia' and the Peninsular and Oriental boat 'Dongola.' . . . The Japanese took everything splendidly; there was no panic, everybody remaining calm and accepting the inevitable condition of things."

AFTER THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE: POIGNANT SCENES IN TOKIO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. R. EGGER, KOBE (SUPPLIED BY C.N.), THE OSAKA "MAINICHI" (SUPPLIED BY HARRIS PICTURE AGENCY), AND TOPICAL.



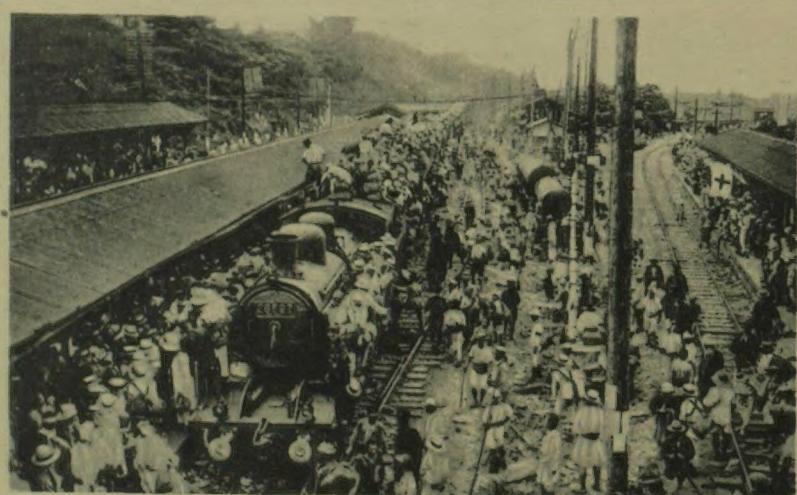
COVERED WITH FLOATING WRECKAGE AMONG WHICH WERE MANY CORPSES: ONE OF THE CANALS IN TOKIO AFTER THE DISASTER.



RECOVERING THE DEAD FROM THE RUINS OF A COTTON-SPINNING FACTORY: A GRUESOME TASK AMONG THE DÉBRIS OF THE FALLEN BUILDINGS.



TYPICAL OF JAPANESE CALMNESS AND EFFICIENCY IN TIME OF TROUBLE: A GROUP OF NURSES WITH THEIR PATIENTS CAMPED IN THE OPEN AIR—A PHOTOGRAPH ENTITLED "REFUGEES FROM THE HOSPITAL AT TOKIO."



THE RUSH FROM TOKIO AFTER EMERGENCY TRANSPORT WAS ORGANISED: A TRAIN LEAVING, WITH THE ENGINE, CAB ROOF, AND CARS PACKED WITH PEOPLE.



THE FOOD PROBLEM IN TOKIO AFTER THE DISASTER WHICH RENDERED THOUSANDS HOMELESS: JAPANESE SOLDIERS SERVING OUT RATIONS FROM A LORRY.

A vivid account of the Japanese earthquake was given by Major Brackley, Air Adviser to the Japanese Government, who was in Tokio at the time and was the first British survivor to reach England. "I was in my office," he says, "talking to some Japanese officers when the first ominous rumblings began to rock the building. Fortunately we were on the ground floor. We rushed outside and reached a spot from which we were able to watch the indescribable disaster which followed within the next few hours. . . . It was as though a great invisible giant were engaged in the devilish task of flinging down all the great magnificent buildings of the city and literally swallowing up the dainty Japanese houses. The

whole city appeared to be enveloped in a thick smoke-screen, this effect being caused by the dust which rose from the houses and buildings as they collapsed. Here and there the dull grey cloud would become a deep crimson, and the next moment flames would leap forth and illuminate the whole horrible scene. We did what we could to render assistance, but one felt like a pygmy in the giant's grip. The mind reeled and staggered beneath the suddenness of this visit of the inferno. Thousands of people lay dead in the streets. . . . Hundreds of men and women were burnt to ashes. Those who were left had but one mad desire—to flee from the city of death and destruction."

IN DEVASTATED YOKOHAMA: EARTHQUAKE HAVOC BEFORE THE FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE OSAKA "ASAHI" SUPPLIED BY C.N.



IMMEDIATE EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE AS DISTINCT FROM DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE SUBSEQUENT FIRE:
WRECKED BUILDINGS IN A SUBURB OF YOKOHAMA—ONE OF A FRESH SET OF PHOTOGRAPHS JUST TO HAND.

Since the first photographs of the Japanese earthquake (reproduced in our last issue) arrived, a further series of even more dramatic pictures has reached us, and of these we give a selection in the present number. The above photograph is interesting as having been taken between the earthquake and the subsequent fire, and as showing effects of the actual shock in causing the collapse of buildings. A vivid account of the disaster at Yokohama was given the other day in the report of Captain R. H. Griffin, commanding the P. and O. steamship "Dongola," which rescued 600 people at Yokohama. "At 11.55 a.m. on September 1," he

writes, "the ship commenced to tremble and vibrate violently, and on looking towards the shore it was seen that a terrible earthquake was taking place, buildings were collapsing in all directions, and in a few minutes nothing could be seen for clouds of dust. About 1 p.m. the piers and sheds on them were all burning fiercely, fanned by the gale. . . . Ships alongside of them made their way with great difficulties outside the breakwater. . . . Shortly before 5 p.m. the wind died away, and three boats were manned and sent on shore to rescue survivors." Yokohama was practically obliterated by the combined results of earthquake and fire.

APPALLING EARTHQUAKE TRAGEDIES AT TOKIO: A HOLOCAUST OF 1000.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL (SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL), UNITED (SUPPLIED BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.), P. AND A. (SUPPLIED BY C.N.), AND THE OSAKA "MAINICHI" (SUPPLIED BY HARRIS'S PICTURE AGENCY).



WITH THE FIVE UPPER STOREYS COLLAPSED, AND SURROUNDED BY CHARRED REMAINS STILL SMOULDERING: THE ASAKUSA TOWER AT TOKIO.



THE "FIFTH AVENUE" OF TOKIO AFTER THE DISASTER: SALVAGE WORK IN GINZA STREET, ONE OF THE CHIEF THOROUGHFARES OF THE CITY.



SHOWING HOW THE SHOCK AFFECTED IT, AND A FLOOR GUTTED BY FIRE: THE PALACE HOTEL, TOKIO, AND (RIGHT BACKGROUND) THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.



TOKIO'S NIGHT OF FLAME AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: GREAT BUILDINGS ON FIRE IN THE MARUNOUCHI DISTRICT.



AMBULANCE WORK AMONG THE VICTIMS OF EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE IN TOKIO
INJURED WOMEN AND CHILDREN BEING REMOVED TO AN ARMY HOSPITAL



WHERE 34,000 PEOPLE WERE ENTRAPPED IN A RING OF FIRE, AND 1000 WERE BURNT TO DEATH: CORPSES AFTER THE HOLOCAUST IN THE HONJO WARD.

Among all the tragedies of the Japanese earthquake, perhaps the most appalling was the holocaust in the Honjo Ward at Tokio, a few hours after the first shock at noon on September 1. The ghastly results are shown in one of the above photographs. In a message of October 7, a "Daily Mail" correspondent says: "When fires broke out . . . thousands flocked to an open space of about twenty acres, where formerly were numerous bamboo groves. By 3 o'clock, when the spacious ground was one solid mass of refugees, the gale had driven the flames from three directions, and, before the only remaining avenue of escape could be utilised, that, too, became a seething mass of smoke and fire. Some 34,000 people

were entrapped in a periphery of fire, screaming and praying in vain for deliverance until long after evening set in." The sender of the photograph puts the number of those who perished there at 1000. The task of disposing of so many corpses was the more gruesome as it was impossible to show any sign of reverence for the dead. They had to be dragged together with instruments like butchers' hooks, and taken in rough litters to charnel houses, where they were burned in heaps, soaked with oil. Special parties were employed to remove cash and valuables from the bodies of those killed in Tokio. The objects retained a pungent odour, which was the means of tracing thieves who had robbed the dead.

JAPAN'S TRAGEDY: EARTHQUAKE FISSURES; THE SEARCH FOR MISSING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND UNITED (SUPPLIED BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.).

SHOWING HUGE
FISSES IN THE
GROUND CAUSED
BY THE GREAT
EARTHQUAKE
AND A
TELEGRAPH POLE
UPSET:
A COUNTRY ROAD
IN THE HAKONE
MOUNTAIN
REGION (NORTH
OF TOKIO) WHICH
SUFFERED
SEVERELY.



THE MOST
PATHETIC SIDE OF
THE DISASTER—
THE SEARCH FOR
LOST RELATIVES
AND FRIENDS:
SEARCHERS
STUDYING NAMES
AND ADDRESSES
ON PLACARDS—
A SYSTEM
ARRANGED
THROUGHOUT
THE DEVASTATED
AREA.



The great earthquake in Japan was particularly severe in some of the mountainous districts near Tokio. One mountain road, on which there was much traffic passing at the time, collapsed into a valley, and the only way of safety for the survivors was to climb to the peak, where they would not be in danger from the constant fall of earth and boulders. The most pathetic side of the disaster, especially in the cities, was the search for lost relatives and friends by those who had been separated from them at the time, and whose homes were destroyed. "All day and half the night," said a Tokio report nine days after the earthquake, "the streets are trodden by hungry, weary seekers for relatives. These carry a

small banner bearing the names of missing friends, parents, or children, or they cry the names till their voices crack, in the hope of waking a response from among the famishing multitude." Eventually a system of placards, bearing the names and addresses of those separated, was instituted throughout the area devastated by the earthquake. Besides the search for survivors, there was also the search for the dead. A message of September 27 from Yokohama stated that, by that time, hopes of finding the bodies of lost relatives had been almost abandoned by the living, though occasionally a bone or a limb was given pious burial in case it might belong to the person sought.

"NOW A PLAIN OF BLACK ASHES": TOKIO AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE, WHICH DESTROYED 334,000 HOUSES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE OSAKA "ASAHI" SUPPLIED BY C.N.



HALF TOKIO IN RUINS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE WHICH FOLLOWED THE EARTHQUAKE:
STATION LOOKING TOWARDS

That the reports of the devastation in Tokio, caused by the great fire that followed the earthquake, were not exaggerated, is amply proved by this remarkable photograph, which has only just come to hand. Official figures of the losses in Tokio gave the following details: Deaths, 72,600; houses burned, 294,455; houses collapsed, 36,156. "The terrible number of casualties," says a "Times" correspondent, "is explained by the fact that the worst of the destruction took place in the low-lying, densely crowded, riverside districts, from which there was no escape. Six wards were more or less completely destroyed. Of these, the two most familiar to the visitor and the ordinary foreign resident are Kyobashi and Nihonbashi, where were situated the principal shops, warehouses, printing works, theatres, and restaurants. Farther east are the wards of Shitaya (population, 183,000) and Asakusa (256,000) on the north side of the river, and Honjo



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH JUST RECEIVED SHOWING THE VIEW FROM UENO
THE CENTRE OF THE CITY.

(255,000) and Fukugawa (179,000) on the south. Asakusa was famous for its ancient and popular temples and its cinema theatres and restaurants, and notorious for its Yoshiwara, but nineteen-twentieths of the devastated area was a warren of poor and indistrious people. Those wards were completely destroyed; the district is now a plain of black ashes, covered with an eruption of new shacks. The pleasant residential districts that cover the ridges north and west of the city's central plain are relatively untouched. The Law Courts, the Navy Office, most of the Foreign Office, the War Office, the Household Department, and the various palaces have been saved. The Home, Education, Finance, and Railway Offices were destroyed." The ruins of the Asakusa Tower, and the terrible holocaust in the Honjo ward, are illustrated elsewhere in this number.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SOME ASPECTS OF NATURE'S AIR-CRAFT.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THAT "necessity is the mother of invention" was never more forcibly demonstrated than during the Great War. In a hundred ways one could illustrate this contention, but nowhere more convincingly than in the case of the incredibly rapid advances which were made in the evolution of the aeroplane. When those days of horror began, mechanical flight was still in its infancy. Before they ended it had reached maturity. But this does not mean that further progress is impossible. Far from it. Very naturally, the experts turned, not merely, as did David, to the "wings of a dove," but to birds in general, and to soaring birds in particular, for inspiration—to the vultures, kites, pelicans, adjutant storks, and albatrosses.

The airman's unpleasant encounters with "air-pockets" naturally directed attention to the tactics of the most accomplished performers in the art of "soaring"; wherein progress through the air is made without perceptible movements of the wings. At such times soaring birds and aeroplanes apparently have this much in common—both are moving through space on fixed wings. But this method of progress is possible to the bird only where it can make use of air-currents. The machine is either drawn or driven through the air by means of its propeller.

Much of our knowledge of these "air-pockets" and air-currents, and their relation to flight, natural

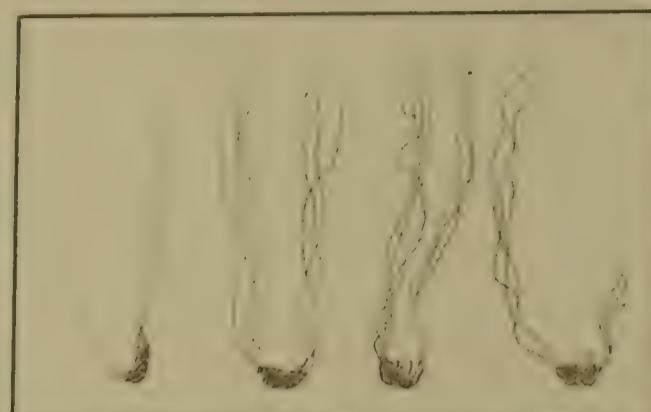
really related to the snake-flies, ant-lions and mantises. Two of these are shown in one of the subjoined photographs. In *Halter imperatrix* of West Africa, they are of inordinate length, and terminate

can manage, before alighting, to make a slight upward ascent.

One of the most remarkable of these is the tree-frog, discovered some years ago by Wallace. Its toes, which are very long, are united by an enormous web. The web of each hind-foot covers a surface of four square inches, and the united surfaces of all the feet together are about twelve square inches, thus affording an ample surface for the support in mid-air of a body only four inches long, but capable of considerable inflation, and adding still further to its buoyancy. It is rather a handsome little creature, being of a shiny-green above and yellow below, while the webs of the toes are black, rayed with yellow.

The parachuting spider (*Saitis volans*) is another of these curiosities of Nature. It is one of the jumping spiders of New South Wales, and measures no more than one-sixth of an inch in length. Its "planing apparatus" is formed by lateral out-growths of the abdomen, forming thin plates, which, when not in use, are bent downward. They serve, it would seem, to enable the creature to take exceptionally long leaps when in pursuit of its prey. It is a very rare creature, and only males are known.

Perhaps the most singular of all modes of aerial transport is that used by young spiders of many species. Though but newly hatched, and without guide or counsellor, they instinctively set about



NATURE'S "BALLOONISTS": YOUNG SPIDERS FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR ON GOSSAMER THREADS.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

in a twisted leaf-like expansion. In *Chasmoptera sheppardi*, from Asia Minor, the leaf-like expansions are much broader, but in both the basal part of the hind-wing has been reduced to the slenderest possible proportions. These streamers are said to play the part of "balancers," and take no active part in flight—that is to say, they do not vibrate with the fore-wings. But why do they need "balancers"?

In the "Daddy-long-legs" and the common house-fly, we have "balancers" of the very opposite type. For here they take the form of mere scales, which must be sought with a lens. They are all that is left of the hind-wings. They are, however, by no means mere vestiges of the hind-wings. On the contrary, they seem to have assumed new functions. What precisely is their function is yet unknown. Apparently they are sense organs, possibly for detecting sounds, and they can, like the fore-wings, execute extremely rapid vibrations. In some of the *Coccidae* they are equally reduced in size, but serve a very different purpose, since they are used as hooks, to attach, or control, the true wings.

"Streamers," such as are found in certain night-jars among the birds, seem to be purely ornamental. In the Pennant-winged night-jar the primary quills increase in length, from without inwards, terminating in a single, enormously elongated feather. In another species the first primary only is modified, being produced into a long and slender stem, terminating in a large, leaf-like expansion; and this, it is said, is erected by the sitting bird so as to stand upright to blend with the grasses among which it is resting, and thereby afford it increased concealment. According to Selous, these feathers are to be regarded as "secondary sexual characters," being present only during the breeding season.

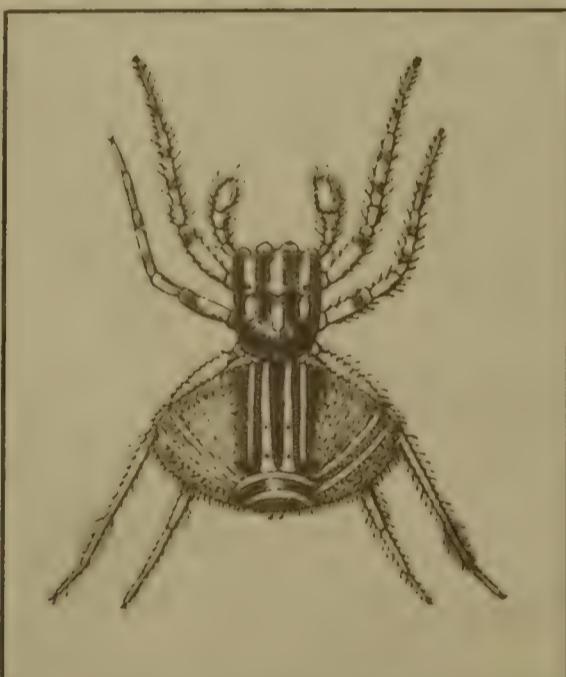
And now let us turn to "gliders." Here man has beaten Nature, for none of the "gliders" which she has produced can remain in the air for more



WITH HIND-WINGS TRANSFORMED INTO "BALANCERS": TWO OF THE NEMOPTERIDÆ—CHASMOTOPTERA SHEPPARDI OF ASIA MINOR (TOP) AND HALTER IMPERATRIX, OF WEST AFRICA.—[Photo. by E. J. Manly.]

and mechanical, we owe to the laborious and patient investigations of Dr. Hankin, and still more to Dr. Gilbert Walker. They have brought to light facts of the utmost value to the designers of air-craft. It may sound like presumption, but I venture to suggest that more attention than has yet been given should be paid to the flight of bats, on the one hand, and to winged invertebrates on the other. These latter should yield some valuable data, for their progress through the air is by means of wings which, mechanically, are fundamentally different from those either of birds or bats.

These differences it would be impossible to discuss with profit in the space of a short article. It must suffice to dwell upon one or two obscure phenomena associated with the development of "wing-streamers." These, in their incipient form, can be seen in the hind-wings of the swallow-tailed butterfly, and in their most exaggerated form in such as are found in the wings of some of the Saturniid moths, notably those of the Indian *Actias mænas*, wherein they are of prodigious length. During flight it is said that the hind-wings are brought together under the body, so that the streamers lie close together to form a long rod-like tail. They are to be seen in a still more extreme form in certain of the *Nemopteridæ*—insects which look like dragon-flies, but are



WITH "PLANING APPARATUS" FORMED BY LATERAL GROWTHS OF THE ABDOMEN: THE PARACHUTING SPIDER (*SAITIS VOLANS*) OF NEW SOUTH WALES (1-6TH INCH LONG)—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



ONE OF NATURE'S "GLIDERS": THE FLYING FROG OF BORNEO, WITH LARGE WEBBED FEET THAT GIVE IT BUOYANCY IN THE AIR.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly, from Pycraft's "History of Birds."]

than a few seconds. They can only "plane" downwards from a height to a lower level, and having traversed a few yards must come to rest. A few

preparing to go out into the world, and proceed to make a "balloon" of a very singular type. Every bold adventurer climbs to the highest point of vantage possible—generally a grass stem—and, reaching the summit, faces the wind. Then, stiffening the legs and raising the abdomen, it exudes from its "spinnerettes" minute quantities of a clear fluid, like little beads. Exposure to the air instantly hardens them, and presently they are caught by the breeze, and drawn up, forming delicate threads as they rise. Growing every moment longer and longer, these floating strands of gossamer, shimmering in the sun, exert a pull upon the legs, and as soon as this begins to be stressful the legs release their grip, and the little body is borne aloft, floating, back downwards, perhaps for miles. If the threads do not catch on the leaves of some neighbouring tree, and so end the flight, the balloonist allows himself to be carried along until at last, perhaps, he grows tired, and desires to descend. This is easily done by pulling in the threads and rolling them under the body with the feet. As the threads shorten, the weight of the body causes it to descend. Should the threads of several spiders become entangled in mid-air—as often happens—a flocculent mop is formed and blown through the air. When any of the travellers wishes to descend, he simply spins a fresh thread, and lets himself down to earth.

AIRCRAFT OF THE MOMENT: A NEW USE FOR GLIDERS, AS TARGETS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. H. DAVIS.



OF TOPICAL INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE GLIDER CONTESTS AT LYMPNE: A GLIDER-TARGET RELEASED BY ITS CARRIER-PLANE AND ATTACKED BY AN AEROPLANE'S GUNNER; ANOTHER AWAITING RELEASE FROM ITS AEROPLANE.

One of the difficulties of the peace-time training of aerial and anti-aircraft gunners has lain in the impossibility of finding an adequately "real" target. A camera gun will record the proportion of "hits," while small balloons give an aiming mark for real fire. Neither, however, gives a real target for a real projectile, in the sense that a ship's guns can be turned on to a hulk or a floating target. The difficulty seems in a fair way to solution by the use of a target-glider. These, weighing only 23 lb., are taken "up," mounted on a bracket above the centre

of the top plane of a full-sized machine. A lever releases the target, which is quite able to do a lengthy glide whose angles can be set beforehand by manipulation of its controls. Once the carrier has got clear away, the gunners from other 'planes or from anti-aircraft batteries can commence practice. In our picture, the glider released by the aeroplane in the distance is seen high up on the right, being attacked by the gunner of the aeroplane in the foreground. An aeroplane bearing a second glider-target is seen on the left.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

DOES Grub Street take itself too seriously as a place of interest to the outer world? An answer to the question will lie in the success or in the non-success of several current volumes. The Street of Ink or the Street of Adventure is so much to the fore at the moment that publishers at least



THE "BICYCLE WINDOW" IN STOKE POGES CHURCH:
A CURIOSITY IN STAINED GLASS.

The "bicycle window" is so named from the figure bestriding a contrivance resembling an ancient hobbyhorse, which he pushes with one foot while he blows a trumpet. The window is made up of fragments (one dated 1643) and the complete design cannot be traced.

must have sufficient faith in its popularity to risk their substance upon books dealing with the subject.

It used to be said that the public had no interest whatever in journalism, and that books about the Press commanded no attention; but it all depends upon the writer. In the journalistic novel or the book of journalistic reminiscences, it is very much a case of one man may steal the horse while another may not look over the hedge. In itself, the Press world has sufficient romance to make good material for the writer, and in the opinion of Grub Street, at any rate, it would seem that important persons live and work there. Some of our scribes, in fact, echo, consciously or unconsciously, the old invitation erroneously attributed to Aulus Gellius and quoted as his by Lessing: "Enter, for here too there are Gods."

Mr. A. St. John Adcock, the excellent editor of the *Bookman*, is in no doubt about it, and has just given us "GODS OF MODERN GRUB STREET" (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.), a volume of character sketches, which does not stop short at the written description, for the gods are made manifest to us in their outward appearance by the camera of Mr. E. O. Hoppé. Grub Street itself is likely to regard the volume with a genially cynical eye, and will be inclined to ask why some are enrolled among the deities while others have escaped that honour. But if the metropolitan journalistic mind be thus sceptical, outside the three-mile radius the book is sure to please and to be accepted as a real Pantheon. The happy reader who knows nothing of the literary life (save the mark!), and who considers his favourite writers as herald Mercuries new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill, has a tickling curiosity to see what these wonderful beings look like, and to hear about the habits of the animal. In this book it is possible to satisfy curiosity about no less than thirty-two popular authors.

The place of honour is given rightly to Mr. Thomas Hardy, with whom, as the lawyers say, are Messrs. Kipling, Galsworthy, De La Mare, W. J. Locke, Arnold Bennett, and the cloud-compelling Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, and so on down through various gradations of eminence. Conspicuous by his absence is Mr. G. K. Chesterton. As such an omission could not be passed over in silence, Mr. Adcock proclaims the reason—namely, that Mr. Chesterton did not

attend at the photographer's studio. This is a weighty omission, and very suggestive to the theorist. Perhaps Mr. Chesterton declined to be deified while he is still with us, or he may have thought that theologically the scheme of the book was unsound. In the interests of human knowledge, moral and religious, he really ought to be called upon for an explanation.

The title of the book recalls an old satire in verse, "The Little Gods of Grub Street," written by the irascible poet, Eric Mackay, somewhere in the early 'nineties, in order to score off his pet enemies. In the eighteenth, or early nineteenth, century, it might have done very well; but in the late nineteenth it was sadly belated; for bitter personal abuse is possible only in an age of duelling, when the satirist can answer for his impertinences with a pistol and his life in his hand. We have advanced in urbanity, and the tendency of volumes like Messrs. Adcock and Hoppé's is to say nothing but smooth and kindly things about Grub Street worthies. At the same time, it is doubtful whether an alleged Grub Street is exactly the place in which to set Mr. Hardy, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. De La Mare or Mr. W. H. Davies. As for supposing that there are goddesses in Grub Street, the thing is almost unthinkable, but, greatly daring, the book includes Miss May Sinclair and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, who, on the face of it, seem to live remote enough from the proverbial alley of hack writers. Granted, however, that a book of essays and photographs like the present had to be undertaken, it could not have been carried out in a pleasanter or more informing way.

The second book is entitled "ADVENTURES IN JOURNALISM" (Heinemann; 15s.), a natural and proper subject for the author of "The Street of Adventure." Sir Philip Gibbs is a man who has seen things and can communicate them. He allows himself some passages of autobiography, which have something of the Dick Whittington touch, and will warm the hearts of all Industrious Apprentices. One of his best stories is that of a feat of journalism which depended on a stroke of luck rather than on a stroke of genius. It belongs to the same category of happy accidents as that which threw in the way of an obscure reporter information as to the Duke of Wellington's policy at a critical period.

Chance was equally kind to Gibbs on the night of King Edward's death. He was at that time on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, and had been ordered by the news editor to spend the night close to Buckingham Palace. He was pacing the courtyard in the small hours, when he saw a royal carriage coming from the inner quadrangle.

King's death and his obituary into the country editions. The machines were already running before the official notice was posted on the Palace gate.

One who has seen and felt as keenly as Sir Philip Gibbs not only the terror and horror of war, but the resultant terrors of peace in certain stricken countries of Europe, could not omit that part of his experience. He gives a harrowing picture of post-war in Vienna, and of the state of things in Russia and Armenia, but he knows how to lighten his pages with amusing anecdotes. He noted the celebrities who, during the war, came out to have a look at things at the front, and he was probably an eye and ear-witness of the joke that arose from Mr. Lloyd George's donning of a "tin hat" when he was presumably within reach of shell fire. As the then Prime Minister, thus martially adorned, emerged from a German dug-out, a soldier asked his comrade, "Who's that bloke?" "Blimey," the other replied, "it looks like the Archbishop of Canterbury." When Sir James Barrie dined at the mess, he was asked to write something in



WHERE RESTS A "HEART ONCE PREGNANT WITH CELESTIAL FIRE": GRAY'S TOMB IN STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD.

Thomas Gray was born in 1716, and died at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1771. By his own wish he was buried beside his mother in the churchyard which his genius had made famous.

the Visitors' Book. After a moment's gloomy thought he wrote, "Beware of a dark woman with a big appetite"—a Barrieism that may be either a profound aphorism or mere nonsense. To arrive at its inwardness, one would need to know the facts.

Every page of Sir Philip's book makes capital reading. He is never—well, hardly ever—trivial, and he certainly justifies his choice of a title.



THE SCENE OF GRAY'S "ELEGY" IN NEED OF FUNDS FOR REPAIR AND PRESERVATION: STOKE POGES CHURCH AND THE FAMOUS "COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."

As the scene of Gray's immortal "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," and from its associations with many other people in British and American history, the ancient church of Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire, claims the interest of the whole English-speaking world. A sum of £6000 is needed for repairs to the church, and for the purchase of adjacent ground necessary to preserve its rural surroundings. Subscriptions and enquiries should be addressed to the Vicar, the Rev. Canon A. T. Barnett, Stoke Poges Vicarage, near Slough.

The light from a lamp showed Sir Philip the present King and Queen. It was only a moment's revelation, but it was enough. The expression of their faces told Gibbs all. The *Daily Chronicle* got the news of the

historian. Miss Salmon's book, although chiefly for the specialist, contains a great deal to interest the general reader. Even the romance of Grub Street is not absent.

"LORD RENFREW" AND "FELLOW ALBERTANS": THE PRINCE'S RANCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY C. LANE (HIGH RIVER, ALBERTA), AND TOPICAL.



WITH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AS A GLORIOUS BACKGROUND: THE PRINCE'S RANCH AMONG THE FOOTHILLS, WHICH REMINDED HIM OF BALMORAL—
A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DISTRICT, SHOWING HIS HOUSE AS THE FARDEST BUILDING BEFORE THE BELT OF TREES.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE KING IN THE PLACE OF HONOUR OVER THE
MANTELPIECE: THE PRINCE'S SITTING-ROOM IN HIS CANADIAN RANCH-HOUSE.

THE Prince of Wales, travelling as Lord Renfrew, reached High River station, 40 miles south of Calgary, by special train on September 16, and motored to his ranch, 30 miles away. There he enjoyed a real informal holiday, with plenty of riding, shooting, and fishing, to the great benefit of his health and spirits. On the 27th, after a visit to Banff, he gave an At-Home on the ranch to 300 guests, whom he welcomed as "fellow Albertans." He left Calgary on his homeward journey on October 2 for Winnipeg and Ottawa, where he arranged to spend a few [Continued below.]



SHOWING THE NEW WING (AT LEFT END) OF FOUR ROOMS AND PRIVATE
BATH-ROOM: THE E.P. RANCH HOUSE, LOW AND SPACIOUS, WITH A VERANDAH.



THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL AT HIGH RIVER STATION: "LORD RENFREW" WALKING
FROM THE TRAIN TO HIS CAR FOR THE THIRTY-MILE DRIVE TO HIS RANCH.

Continued.
days with the Governor-General (Lord Byng) before sailing for England. Our correspondent, Mr. H. F. Mullett, gives some interesting particulars of a recent visit to the Prince's estate, which is known as the E.P. Ranch, or, the Royal Ranch. "It was homesteaded," he writes, "in 1883 by Mrs. Bedingfield, and the area now is about 1600 acres. The ranch adjoins the Bar U ranch on its west side, and is watered by the middle fork of the Highwood River. . . . The ranch house is a typical western ranch home, low and spacious. A long verandah leads to a living-room, with a big fireplace and many book-shelves. To the left is the Prince's room; to the right a similar room. The old ranch has been modernised for the royal owner. . . . A self-contained electric light and water

system has been installed, and a new wing of four rooms and private bath-room has been added. There is comfort, but not luxury; indeed, the whole keynote of the ranch is simplicity . . . with the added intention of raising stock that will improve western blood, and, incidentally, enable the ranch to be self-supporting. . . . 'How did the Prince come to buy this ranch?' we asked. . . . During the 1919 visit, after assisting in a cattle round-up, he wished to walk through the foothills (of the Rockies) and try a shot at partridge and ducks. On a hill-top, where he could see the glorious panorama of the foot-hills, he said: 'This reminds me greatly of the Balmoral estate. I would like nothing better than to become a rancher.' Within a month he had bought the ranch.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

STAGE AND CINEMA.—THE FELLOWSHIP OF PLAYERS.

A GREAT deal has been said and written lately in favour of the film, and referring to the limitations of stage-craft. The great wreck scene in "Good Luck" at Drury Lane was the main pivot of the discussion, and wide was the difference of opinion. The cinema partisans declared that, however cleverly contrived, the picture never approached reality. The stage was too cramped; the distance between shore and yacht too incredibly small; the yacht itself was puny in proportion to the people in it, who looked like giants; the motion of the sea was too regularised to be real; the manning of the lifeboat was wholly mechanical; above all, the rotation of the scenery in order to indicate the movement of craft was ludicrous. Fancy the land slipping past while the ships stood still! No wonder that people would prefer the realistic pictures of the cinema, which were made with the help of nature; while the scenes at Drury Lane—including the race—were nothing but mechanism, with only the actors approaching the verisimilitude of life.

Of course, there is something to be said in favour of this criticism. The stage has its limitations; and even Drury Lane, however much its mechanism has been brought up to date, is not the last word in scenic art. Compared with Reinhardt's latest contrivances before the war at his circus in Berlin, our stage effects are still incomplete, being of the older school and taxing the imagination of the spectator. In these circumstances, say the film-partisans, why not abandon these incomplete "stunts" altogether? Why not say openly, "We cannot compete in plastic representation: let us seek sensations which can be rendered by light and stage-craft so natural that there is no need for concessions or excuse"?

But, on the other hand, what of the cinema? Is "fake" not all too frequent, notably in English films?

just as it has to supply colour and animation when beholding the photographs of those we know in life.

The whole matter resolves itself, apart from technical difficulties which are admitted, to one of attitude of mind. We should not go to Drury Lane in a critical mood. We know from past years what to expect: the panorama-brush at work—broad strokes in the play—broad humour—broad effects—broad acting—in fact, grand window-dressing with nothing

chatted with a group of the Fellowship of Players in the Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith. They are undaunted, and are going to give six Shakespeare plays each year. New players are to have a chance, and at least two of the leading parts will be given to them. "The Winter's Tale" is their second production, and it was very meritorious. This is not one of the easiest of his plays, for the long cast throws much strain on the minor characters. It should be played a little quicker to cross the gaps of tediousness.

Like Jove, the Bard himself nods here, for Leontes, with all the seeds of tragedy in his composition, is twisted to serve the quiet end of a Winter's Tale. Autolycus, that rich rare rogue, comes all too seldom with his tray of laughter; and Hermione, one of Shakespeare's loveliest women, quits the stage too long. It is a tender and humorous play, full of those strokes that only he could pen, and gemmed with lines of perfect poetry. The idyll of Florizel and Perdita is like a jewel that shines all the brighter in its setting against the dark background of Court jealousy. But the dramatist here ignores the discipline of the unities and the stern demands of psychological truth. Infection is purged. 'Tis but a Winter's Tale, though still there is a heartache in it.

Lilian Braithwaite was a most beautiful Hermione. How perfectly she speaks her lines and with what pathos she fills her resignation! Frank Cellier made a Leontes we could believe in—quick and unreasoning in jealousy and penitent in his misery, so that we could suffer with him. Boliol Holloway filled the part of Autolycus with all the bravura of the cut-purse's fine personality. Louise Hampton drew

Paulina with sure touches of loyalty and fire. Joyce Carey looked so fragrant though a trifle modern as Perdita; and Robert Harris was a splendid Florizel, with a tongue that made language rich with music.



NEW "CABARET" PLAYERS FROM MOSCOW: THE "BLUE BIRD" COMPANY IN "THE KING CALLED FOR HIS DRUMMER," AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE. M. J. Yuzhny's "Blue Bird" company of Russian artists from the Imperial Theatre at Moscow made their first appearance in this country, at the New Scala, on October 4, after a successful tour on the Continent. They give short sketches, ballets, national songs, and dramatised legends.

Photograph by C.N.

much behind it. When I go to Drury Lane I feel that I am out for the evening. I cannot quite forget that I am a critic, but I say in the first instance that I come here to be amused, puzzled, thrilled, perhaps harrowed. I know it will all end happily, so why should I care? I chuckle cosily in my stall, and the people on the stage and off are working for me. I am told that there will be great doings; that Arthur Collins, that man of great resource and imagination, has a few shocks and thrills in store for me that will make me sit up. They may not all come off—as, for instance, the motor-smash, no doubt remodelled by this time—but there is more to come. Meanwhile, the hero and heroine traverse perils and threatened perdition; the comedians scatter sallies and howling puns and jests; here and there the comic vein of the authors outruns discretion. Now comes the great sensation. I am expectant, tuned up, ready for vibration. Oh! I know it can only be make-believe; all canvas and little Britannia-boys ruling and moving the waves from beneath; it can't be as thrilling as the cinema and the copy from nature. But it is alive: the people are people with voices—they will wail and shout; they will affect anguish and distress. Yes, it is all bunkum, but let me be, and in my childlike mood let me wonder what the stage can do; let my critical sense be dumb for a moment—*je me laisse faire*—don't disturb me. I know anon there will be reaction; the critical mood will supersede the festive one; and for aught I know the former might impel me to find fault with what on the spur of the moment beguiled me. Still, even so I would say that I admire Arthur Collins for his effort to do wonders with his stage and for his bold competition with the cinema. He is too astute a producer not to have discovered from his stall on the first night where illusion and picture came in conflict. He will not rest until the machinery of his theatre allows the nearest thing to reality instead of concessions, gaps, and limitations. That is a question of research, technique, and money. Meanwhile, Drury Lane has nothing to fear—as yet—from its formidable rival. Life, voice, and colour are its staunch allies.

I am always delighted to discover a fresh band of enthusiasts within the theatre, for that is a sign of health and vitality. It means the sacrifice of time and energy, the difficulties of hole-and-corner rehearsals when there is no permanent home; but these things only add the zest and spice of adventure to youth with its ideals and unconquerable spirit. It was this fine spirit that impressed me most as I



THE FAIR RIVAL IN "OUR BETTERS," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: LADY GEORGE GRAYSTON (MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN) RECEIVES A ROSE FROM GILBERT PAXTON (MR. REGINALD OWEN).

Mr. Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "Our Betters," is a satire on the morals of American wives of European aristocrats.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

And even in the almost perfect American productions are there not flaws to be found in perspective and proportions? How often does not apply to these the criticism levelled against Drury Lane—giant structures and masses of people in the foreground, a vision akin to crawling insects and ant-heaps in the distance? Talk of a tax on the spectator's imagination, is it not constant in the case of the film? Are landscapes brown, grey, or white, or real seascapes brown, white, and grey with silver points? The camera gives but one answer, the mortal eye has to do the rest



THE DARK RIVAL IN "OUR BETTERS," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: THE DUCHESSE DE SURENNES (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER) IS DISCARDED BY GILBERT PAXTON (MR. REGINALD OWEN).

The Duchess is saying: "Do you mean to say it's good-bye for ever? Oh, how can you be so cruel?"

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

The lesser parts were not so good, but I cannot be harsh in judgment. The crowded theatre was moved to generous applause. The Fellowship of Players have flown their banner high. Let them keep their enthusiasms and ideals and give of their heart and intelligence in such measure, remembering that in Shakespeare no part can be termed minor, and they will enrich the body politic of our stage. "Prosperity's the very bond of love," so, giving love and service to the venture, the Fellowship of Players will prosper.

THE MIRACLE OF REDDING PIT: MINERS RESCUED AFTER NINE DAYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL.



RESCUERS WHO BROKE THROUGH TO THE FIVE ENTOMBED MINERS: MESSRS. HILL, WALKER, GRANT, MANN, THOMSON, WRIGHT, WALKER, BEVERIDGE, AND MEEKIN.



RESCUED AFTER NINE DAYS UNDERGROUND WITHOUT FOOD: JAMES JACK, OF REDDING, WITH HIS CHILDREN.



LEADER OF THE RESCUE PARTY: PETER CARMICHAEL (LEFT) DESCRIBING HIS EXPERIENCES TO A COLLIERY OFFICIAL.



LAST HONOURS TO A MINER BROUGHT UP DEAD: THE FUNERAL OF A. ANDERSON AT WALLACESTONE, WITH MEMBERS OF THE WALLACESTONE ANCIENT FREE COLLIES FOLLOWING THE HEARSE.



RESCUED FROM THE REDDING PIT AFTER NINE DAYS UNDERGROUND WITHOUT FOOD: ROBERT URE, WITH HIS BROTHERS AT HIS BEDSIDE.



RESTORED TO HIS WIFE (SEEN WITH HIM) AFTER SHE HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE: ANDREW THOMSON, THE FIRST TO SPEAK TO THE RESCUERS.

One of the most remarkable rescues in the history of mining was effected in the Redding Pit, near Falkirk, in the early hours of October 4, when five men were found alive after nine days' entombment since the workings were flooded on September 25. As we mentioned when illustrating the first rescues in our last issue, hope had not been abandoned that more men might be found alive, as it was known miners could exist eight days underground without food, provided they had good air. The names of the five men rescued were: John Donaldson, of Reddingmuir; James Jack, of Redding; John Miller, of Falkirk; Robert Ure, of Wallacestone; and Andrew Thomson, of Reddingmuir, who was the first to

speak to the rescue party when the hole was made through which they were reached. The only food they had underground was half a slice of bread amongst them. They chewed pieces of wood and coal, and found some water which was drinkable. When rescued and brought to the surface, they were in excellent spirits, and indignant at the idea of being carried on stretchers. One of them, John Miller, actually walked across to the mission hall where they rested before being taken home. On the same day the bodies of three other men, who had been drowned in the flood, were discovered. Two of them were buried in Camelon Cemetery, and the third, Andrew Anderson, in Old Polmont churchyard.

A NINE-DAYS WONDER: THE REMARKABLE RESCUE IN THE REDDING PIT—THE CULMINATING MOMENT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE REDDING PIT, FROM DETAILS GIVEN BY THE RESCUERS.



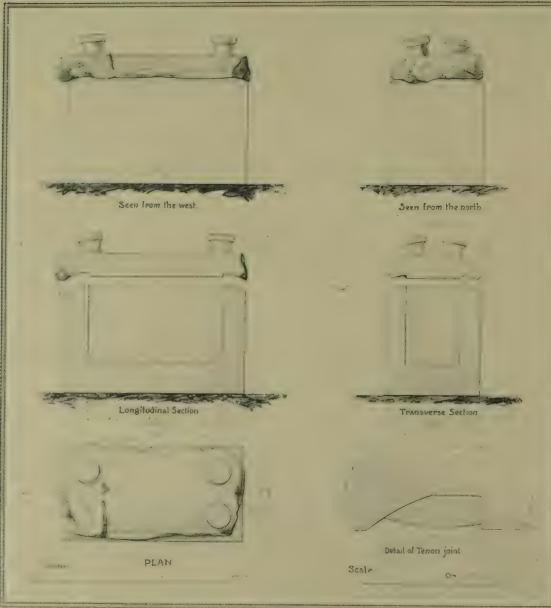
A HAND THRUST OUT OF A LIVING TOMB AND A VOICE ASKING FOR A CIGARETTE: THE RESCUE PARTY AT THE MOMENT OF BREAKING THE BARRIER BEHIND WHICH FIVE MINERS HAD BEEN ENTOMBED FOR NINE DAYS.

Our Artist has here illustrated, from particulars given him on the spot by the rescue party, the scene underground at the moment when they broke through the barrier and found the five men who had spent nine days in a living tomb. After long and strenuous efforts the "road" was brought to the workings where the miners were entombed. As soon as an opening was made in the sandstone rock, an arm with outstretched hand was thrust out, while a voice from behind the rock was heard asking for a cigarette. The first member of the rescue party to reach the entombed men, a young miner named Alexander Hill, said that before the barrier was penetrated he had been able to communicate with them by knocking. "When I got through," he continued, "the man

near the opening seemed to know my voice. He said, 'Is that you, Sandy?' I replied: 'Yes; is that you, Andrew?' It was Andrew Thomson (portrait on another page) who spoke. . . . I never saw a cheerier lot of lads than those men were at that moment. The strange thing about it is that, even with good air, they were able to endure such a long time underground. I should fancy men would have been driven insane by such an experience." Their spirits had been sustained by hearing the sounds of shot-firing made by the approaching rescuers. Photographs and further details of the event are given on other pages in this number.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE OLDEST SARCOPHAGUS EVER FOUND IN SYRIA:

BY COURTESY OF M. CHARLES VIROLLEAUD, HEAD OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL



SHOWING THE PECULIAR SHAPE AND THE DIMENSIONS OF THE SARCOPHAGUS, DATING FROM 1800 B.C., FOUND AT JEBAIL (ANCIENT BYBLOS): DIAGRAMS IN OUTLINE, SECTION, AND PLAN.



SHOWING THE HUGE SIZE OF THE LID AND ITS THREE STONE "STUDS," AS COMPARED WITH A MAN: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NORTH END OF THE SARCOPHAGUS.

We illustrate here a remarkable discovery made recently at Jebail (ancient Byblos), on the Syrian coast, a few miles north of Beirut, by M. Charles Virolleaud, who is in charge of the archaeological department at the headquarters of the French High Commissioner there. The crumbling away of part of the cliff at an angle of the outer wall of the old castle revealed a hypogeum, or underground tomb, containing a large sarcophagus, which was found to be fourteen centuries earlier than the oldest sarcophagi previously discovered in Syria—namely, those of Tabnit and Eshmunazar, King of Sidon. M. Virolleaud gives particulars of the tomb and its contents in his article printed above. The date of the tomb was fixed beyond doubt by the obsidian perfume-vase illustrated above, which is the most important object in the collection. On examining it, M. Virolleaud noticed two oblong holes in the gold mounting, and, carefully sifting the débris in the tomb, he found the two pieces of gold that fitted into the gaps. They bore in bold relief the hieroglyphic signs forming the name *Maaatenra*, under which



WITH ITS HEAVY LID SURMOUNTED BY THREE GREAT TENONS OF STONE: THE TOP OF THE SARCOPHAGUS (NORTH END).

DESCRIBING his new discovery, M. Charles Virolleaud writes: "The celebrated sarcophagi of Eshmunazar, King of Sidon, now in the Louvre, was up to recently the oldest discovered in Phoenicia. It belongs to the fifth century B.C. The Service of Antiquities of the High Commission of France in Syria has just discovered at Byblos, the town of Adonis, a much older sepulture, which dates even before the time when Syria was reduced to an Egyptian province by the great Pharaohs of the Eleventh and Twelfth Dynasties (about 1900 B.C.). The sarcophagus here reproduced is of limestone. Its length is 2.80 metres (over 9 ft.), its height 2.32 metres (about 7 ft.), and it is of quite a new type. It contained many objects, some of exceptional interest. Some show a distinctly Western influence—Aegean or Mycenaean, such as the silver ewer, with its very modern shape, whereas most of the other objects had obviously been imported from Egypt. It is made to contain a bronze weapon formed like a sickle, studded with gold and silver ursus, an amethyst scarab set in gold, and more especially a beautiful perfume-vase of obsidian set in gold, which is of the greatest value, as it bears an inscription with the name of Amenemhat III., a Pharaoh of the Twelfth Dynasty, who died about 1800 B.C. The name of the person buried in the sarcophagus remains unknown to us, but we may suppose that he was a prince, a vassal or ally of the King of Egypt, and that he had received as a gift from that powerful neighbour the obsidian balsam jar, the scarab, and the perfume-vase. The tombs of Byblos contained a princess, as among the finds are amethyst necklaces and a large silver mirror, and the soles of the sandals, which are also of silver, are only 25 cm. (about 10 in.) in length. It is true that at that period men used scent and looking-glasses; consequently there is a doubt as to the sex of the person, and the remains of the skeleton are too minute to afford any evidence on the question. Be that as it may, the objects from this tomb are of particular interest. These relics prove that the relations of Phoenicia with the great world date back much earlier than was generally believed; that the influence of Egypt was predominant in Syria, or at least on the Syrian coast, long before the El Amarna period (about 1370-1360 B.C.). The Sarcophagus of Byblos is preserved at Jebail in the actual cave dug to receive it forty centuries ago. The objects found in it have been placed in the Museum at Beirut, inaugurated last June by General Weygand, French High Commissioner in Syria." Some further particulars of the discovery are given in our note below.

A 3700-YEAR-OLD TOMB SHOWING EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FRENCH HAUT COMMISSIONAT AT BEIRUT.



Amenemhat III., King of Egypt (Twelfth Dynasty) was enthroned. He died about 1800 B.C. It thus became clear that the tomb was that of one of his Phoenician vassals, to whom he had sent as presents the perfume-vase, the amethyst scarab, and other jewels. The evidence of this close connection between Egypt and Phoenicia at that early date, some 450 years before Tutankhamen, is one of the most interesting results of the discovery. The other objects found in the tomb, outside the sarcophagus, included two Egyptian alabaster vases and a variety of Phoenician pottery and bronze. In the sarcophagus itself were some human bones and teeth, and bones of lamb, bull, fish, and Greek partridge; also amethyst beads and scarabs, two gold salvers, a gold-covered wooden bracelet, and various articles of silver-ware. The most interesting is the vase resembling a teapot (illustrated above), which is of Aegean style and suggests some association with early Greek art of the Minoan age.



SET A THIEF—



XI. A FIRST OFFENDER.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

BOTH Mr. Richard Wellman and Mr. Albert Parker, partners in the firm of Wellman and Parker, Antique and Curio Dealers, Westmoreland Street, Strand, had the failings of the artistic temperament. Each over-rated his own importance and under-rated that of the other. Parker's value lay in the manual skill with which he could make a new oak sideboard look as if it were three centuries old, or could so mend a genuine piece of old Worcester or Chelsea ware that the naked eye could not detect that it had even been so much as chipped. Wellman's value lay in his genius for salesmanship. He could neither make, nor mend, nor fake with his hands. But if someone offered to sell the firm an antique he would look at it with such bilious contempt that the would-be seller was glad to take any price that was offered; and yet, if anyone subsequently offered to buy the same article, Wellman would look at it with such passionate admiration and handle it with such reverence that the buyer thought himself in luck to secure it at Wellman's own price.

One morning, early in April, the two sat in a room above the shop glowering at each other. On the previous evening the firm had lost a valuable, uninsured ring, and each attributed the loss to the other's negligence. Two hours of heated argument and mutual recrimination having produced no useful results, both men had relapsed into the sullen silence of injured innocence, when Evans, the odd-job man, announced Mr. Albert Mayo.

"Here's the private detective at last!" said Wellman, with a grunt of relief.

The room in which the partners were sitting was not a room into which customers were admitted. The centre was occupied by the desk at which Wellman did his accounts, and the table at which Parker made, mended, or faked articles for sale. The rest of the room was so much encumbered with suits of armour, pictures, furniture, pottery, statuary, and miscellaneous bric-à-brac that it was practically impossible to move any one article without moving half-a-dozen others out of the way. Mayo's eyes twinkled as he took the seat that the senior partner offered him and looked round the room.

"Nice little lot of things you've got here," he said. "That table is near three-parts Chippendale if I'm any judge."

As Mayo was not a prospective customer, Parker could afford to resent the slight on the way in which he had repaired the table.

"You seem to think you know something about antiques," he sneered. "I suppose a detective finds it useful to have a smattering of all trades."

Mayo bridled. The question showed that Parker had not heard of his fame as a successful burglar who had become a still more successful revivalist preacher. The ex-convict took not the least pride in his skill as a private detective. He practised as a detective for hire only because the expenses of his chapel exceeded the amounts subscribed by its frequenters and well-wishers. But he gloried in the career of crime he had abandoned, as a merchant prince may glory on having begun life as an errand-boy.

"I'm a preacher of the Word, Mr. Wellman," he said tartly. "I make it my business to try and lead sinners up to grace, and at that job it's more important to tell repentance from hypocrisy than Sheffield plate from silver. It was in the days when I was the smartest cracksman in London that it paid me to study the *Connoisseur*. If ever, when I was cracking a crib, I found old china worth its weight in gold, I didn't waste time hunting for the spoons

and forks. But let's get to business. What's the trouble?"

"We've lost an antique signet ring that I believe to be very valuable," said Wellman.

"Suspect anyone?" asked Mayo.

Wellman looked significantly at his partner.

"I'm trying to keep an open mind—at present," he said.

"When did you last see it?"

"I'd better tell you the whole story. Yesterday afternoon I came across the ring in a second-hand dealer's in Chelsea—sixteenth-century Italian work it was, and so fine that I should have felt justified in guaranteeing it as made by Benvenuto Cellini. I found that I could get it at a bargain, and thought it would just do for a man we are in touch with who buys for the Pierpont Morgan collection. There was no time to lose, as he was due to leave Liverpool this morning for New York. I got the Chelsea shop to let me have the ring on approval, and sent off a wire to Mr. Parker—he was away at Tunbridge Wells yesterday attending a sale—telling him to come back to the office at once. That was at half-past three. At six o'clock I went out to get a bit to eat, and came back. At a quarter past seven I couldn't wait any longer, as I had an important engagement to keep."

"What engagement?" asked Parker.

"A private engagement," snapped Wellman. "I knew by the railway time-table that Parker would be at Charing Cross by seven, even if he had missed the train I told him to catch, and, as it isn't ten minutes' walk away, I thought he'd come into the office any moment. I left a note for him on this blotting-pad, and laid the ring alongside of it. I told him in the note to catch the night mail for Liverpool, to show the ring to the American buyer before he sailed. I couldn't put the ring in the safe because I had to take the keys with me. As I went out, I told Evans, my packer and odd job man, who lives in the building, to keep his eyes open for Mr. Parker and tell him to look for my note as soon as he came in. I didn't say anything to Evans about the ring. When Parker did come back to the office, he found my note, but he says that he couldn't find the ring anywhere."

"Why didn't you say in the telegram what you wanted me to do?" said Parker. "If you had, I might have hurried myself a bit more."

"I wasn't going to tell the whole story in a telegram," answered Wellman. "It was your business to come at once. You say you got my wire at a quarter-past four. There was a train at a quarter to five. Why didn't you catch that?"

"Because there wasn't a cab to be had, and I wasn't going to burst myself running—and, anyway, I don't see why I should be ordered about like an office-boy. I didn't catch the four-forty-five, so there's no use talking about it. I caught the five-forty-nine, which is a much better train, got to Charing Cross at six-forty-nine, swallowed a sandwich at the refreshment room and came straight on here."

"What time did you get here?" asked Mayo.

"At half-past seven."

"Must have been a big sandwich," commented Mayo. "You say you left at a quarter-past seven, Mr. Wellman, and you say you arrived at half-past, Mr. Parker. If you've got your times right, that gives the ring only a quarter of an hour to disappear in."

The shop-bell on the floor below rang. Wellman signed to the junior partner to attend to it. As soon as he was out of hearing the senior partner lowered his voice confidentially.

"If you're not satisfied with Mr. Parker's answers," he said, "don't spare him just because he's my partner."

"I won't," said Mayo grimly.

"To be quite frank with you, I don't altogether trust him myself," continued Wellman. "He hasn't always been as loyal to the firm as he should have been. In fact, I only took him into partnership because it was the best way to shut his mouth when he threatened to disclose trade secrets at a time when I couldn't have afforded any loss of public confidence. You see, he came into my employment first as a worm-hole maker, and that's a very confidential position when a customer has any doubts as to whether a piece of furniture is as genuine as we say it is. He certainly has a *flair* for the business, but if I could have afforded to tell him to go to the devil when he first put the screw on me, I should never have taken him into partnership."

The door opened and the junior partner entered.

"It's a man who's thinking of buying the figure of the boy playing the bagpipes," he said, "but he isn't satisfied that it's a genuine Capo di Monte. I said I'd ask you to step downstairs."

Parker listened carefully to the senior partner's descending footsteps, then buttonholed Mayo.

"Look here," he said. "Between you and me, I believe this is just a try-on of Wellman's to get rid of me. He hates me because I stand on my rights as a partner and don't let him order me about the way he'd like to. He came back to the office at eight o'clock last night and let on to kick up hell's own delight because the ring was missing. What he wants to prove is that I'm the only one who was in the room between the time he left it and the time he came back. As like as not he's got the ring hidden away somewhere. If you find it, he'll accuse me of having put it there. If you don't find it he'll get it back again after you've gone. I stand to lose either way."

"You've nothing to be afraid of if you tell the truth," said Mayo drily. "I'd like to ask your odd job man a few questions. You might fetch him up, will you?"

During the minute that he was alone in the room, Mayo went down on hands and knees and flashed an electric torch along the floor underneath the furniture. He did not have time to make a thorough search, but he was in his seat again when Parker returned, accompanied by the senior partner and the odd job man.

"Now, Evans," said Mayo, "you live in the building, I believe. What did you do between seven and eight last night?"

Evans had the unmistakable marks of an old regular soldier. He adopted the manner of one who is on the mat in the orderly room, stood to attention, and looked to his front.

"I waited in the street doorway so as to catch Mr. Parker as soon as he came in and give him Mr. Wellman's message," he answered promptly.

"Did you leave the door at all for any purpose?"

"Never for a moment."

"At what time did Mr. Parker come in?"

"I didn't take no notice of the exact time."

"Mr. Parker says that it was at half-past seven."

"That would be about the time."

"And you told Mr. Parker about the letter. Did he say anything to you?"

"He asked me if I knew anything about which way the fight had gone at the National Sporting Club between Meares and the American Middle-weight Champion."

"What did you say?"

"I told him that Meares had been knocked out in the second round."

"What did Mr. Parker say?"

"He said: 'Damn! that's cost me a fiver!'

"How did you know that Meares had been knocked out?"

"Saw it in an evening paper."

"What edition?"

"I didn't take no notice what edition."

"Can you find out? Have you still got the paper?"

"Used it to light the kitchen fire this morning."

"Who cleans these offices?"

"My wife."

"Go and fetch her."

As soon as Evans was out of the way, Mayo turned to the two partners. "You've interrogated Mrs. Evans, I suppose," he said. "She must have been cleaning up in here between seven and eight last night."

"No," said Wellman. "I've given her precise instructions that all cleaning must be done in the morning before the shop opens, so that everything will look fresh and free from dust if we want to show it to a customer."

"Ah! Then things look rather bad for Evans. He says that he didn't leave the doorway, but I think it's quite on the cards that he slipped up here for a minute to see exactly where your letter was lying. Supposing he did and saw the ring and gave way to temptation, what did he do with it? If he was a fool he put it in his pocket or took it to his own quarters. But Evans is no fool—I can see that. It's more likely that he hid it somewhere in this room and meant to leave it until you gentlemen had done hunting for it. That's what I should have done in his place. Then if you found it you wouldn't be able to prove that I took it, and if you didn't find it I'd be able to make my plans in comfort for getting away with it."

Mayo's suggestions were interrupted by the return of Evans, accompanied by his wife, and a very fat, very grubby little boy, at the entrancing age at which boys pass from petticoats to knickerbockers.

"I couldn't leave Jimmie be'ind in the kitchen," apologised the woman. "'E's that mischievous, 'e'd 'ave all the taps of the gas-stove turned on as soon as my back was turned."

"Dangerous things, gas-stoves, when you've got small children running about," remarked Mayo. "You ought to use your coal-fire instead."

"I a'ven't got one, Sir," said Mrs. Evans. "There ain't a coal fire in the 'ole 'ouse."

"Well, a gas-fire is handier if you have such a lot to do. Mr. Wellman tells me that you do all your cleaning in the morning. You must get up very early with all that to do and the kiddie to wash and dress and the breakfast to get. You didn't come in last night between seven and eight to get ahead with the work a bit, did you?"

"No, Sir, I didn't, and Evans'll tell you the same thing. Mr. Wellman don't allow it."

"I suppose you bring Jimmie upstairs with you when you're cleaning so that he won't get up to mischief down below."

"Oh, no, Sir, I wouldn't do such a thing," protested Mrs. Evans hastily. "He might get touching some of the pretty things and breaking them."

Mayo sat back in his chair and pondered.

"If you all told the truth," he said presently, "we should get on a bit faster."

"'Oo's telling a lie?" demanded Mrs. Evans indignantly. "I'm a 'ard-workin', self-respectin' woman, an' for two pins I'd——"

"I've scrubbed floors too often in quod," interrupted Mayo, "not to know that you couldn't keep these rooms clean without starting your work overnight. And besides—lend me that stick of yours a minute, Mr. Wellman." Mayo took the stick and poked it underneath the writing-desk. A large glass marble rolled out. Jimmie pounced on his recovered treasure with a shrill yell of delight, and at once began to suck the dust off it. "If you never bring the little chap in here, Mrs. Evans, how did that marble get under the desk?" demanded Mayo sternly.

Mrs. Evans gasped and looked appealingly at her husband. Any lying that was necessary was generally regarded as his share of the family burden. Obtaining no help from him, she muttered something to the effect that "Evans will tell you the same," and began to cry.

"You had better look for another place, Mrs. Evans," said Wellman sternly, glad of a victim on whom he could vent his irritation. "Incompetence one has to put up with nowadays. A certain amount of neglect of duty I could overlook within reason, but untruthfulness I will not tolerate."

Having disposed of Mrs. Evans, Mayo attacked her husband.

"You do not need newspapers to light gas-stoves," he said. "And it wasn't in a newspaper that you read that the American had knocked out Meares. The news wasn't in the papers till after eight o'clock. It isn't likely that you heard it from a passer-by, either. This shop is at the end of a road that doesn't lead any further—what the Frenchies call a *cul-de-sac*—so there wouldn't be any passers-by to speak of. What I think is that you thought you could keep as good a look-out for Mr. Parker from the pub at the corner, that you slipped in there for a drink, and that it was there that you got the news about the fight."

"Never went near the pub," declared Evans brazenly.

Wellman rejected the denial.

"That settles your hash, Evans," he said. "When Mr. Mayo has finished with you, you can put on your hat and go and look for another job. If you lied about a small matter like the newspaper you're just as likely to have lied about leaving your post last night."

"Evans and Mrs. Evans aren't the only liars here," continued Mayo. "Meares was knocked out at exactly twenty minutes to eight last night. The National Sporting Club is close by here, but Evans couldn't have heard of it at the pub or anywhere else before a quarter to eight. He passed on the news to Mr. Parker as soon as Mr. Parker got here, so it stands to reason that it was a good deal after half-past seven when Mr. Parker got here."

"What have you got to say to that, Parker?" demanded Wellman.

Parker shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't know you wanted to be particular to a minute or two. I had dinner at the station and came on here immediately. If you want to be so precious precise, it was exactly ten minutes to eight when I got here."

"Then this room was empty for thirty-five minutes before you got here," said Wellman, in a tone of despair.

"Longer than that," said Mayo, "unless Mrs. Evans, in spite of what she now says, was in here

cleaning. You were out of here by five minutes past seven, Mr. Wellman."

"A quarter past," corrected the senior partner.

"Five minutes past," insisted Mayo. "It don't matter much either way, and I wouldn't mention it if you weren't such a stickler for the truth. By ten past you had taken your seat at the National Sporting Club. I know the exact time, because, as it happens, I got there at ten past, and you sat bang in front of me."

"So that was your important engagement, was it?" exclaimed Parker. Evans looked straight to his front, but there was a twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Evans continued to sniff and mop her eyes with the corner of her apron. Jimmie, the only unconcerned member of the establishment, crooned over his recovered marble. Wellman, having no other form of defence, tried to cover his confusion by attacking.

"So you were at the fight last night, Mr. Mayo," he sneered. "I thought you said you were a preacher."

"Why shouldn't a preacher go to a glove-fight?" countered Mayo. "D'you think a preacher ought never to go to anything except ham-jam-and-glory tea-fights with hymns before tea and a collection for the heathen afterwards? I go to glove-fights for the same reason that I go to horse-races—because I like the sport. I like to see a clean fight between fellows who would rather lose than hit below the belt. Do you think I oughtn't to go to such places because the people I meet there aren't as pious as they might be? The Master I try to serve used to mix up pretty freely with sinners. And I chum up with 'em too, and sometimes I get pally with one of 'em and get him to come and hear me preach, and perhaps lead him up to grace. The Master I spoke of was mighty kind to sinners, but there was just one kind He couldn't stick, and that was liars and hypocrites. The kind I can't do anything with is the half-baked sinners that do little sins and tell little lies to cover them. And now that you've heard me preach we'll get back to business. I do believe I've spotted the thief. The question is, will he show us where the ring is?"

Mayo took his watch from his pocket and laid it on the desk on a spot where a beam of sunlight fell. Jimmie's eye was caught by the glitter. He toddled up to the table, took the watch, tasted it, and decided that he wanted to keep it. When Mayo held out his hand for it Jimmie backed away, clasping it to his chest. Then he went down on hands and knees, crawled across the floor, and disappeared under a settee the way to which, for grown-ups, was blocked by a sundial and a spinning-wheel.

"Regular little magpie," chuckled Mayo, whose good temper had been much improved by the tirade he had inflicted on Wellman. "Now, Evans, lift them things out of the way and catch that nipper of yours. I think we'll find something underneath that Louis Cartorze sofa."

On the floor behind the settee they found, arranged in a half-circle, Mayo's watch, a piece of red sealing-wax, a brass door-handle, an antique candle-snuffer, the glass stopper of a beer-bottle, a tin pencil-case, and the missing ring.

"There now," said Mayo, "if that don't complete the villainy of the whole establishment. He's a thief, bless him, and the rest of you are convicted liars. If you'd all been straight with each other there'd have been no need to send for me. Now what you'll all do, if you take my advice, is to let bygones be bygones, shake hands all round, and get back to work."

[THE END.]



A STRANGE FACTOR IN AMERICAN POLITICS: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, AND INTERNATIONAL



IN MONKISH ROBES WITH POINTED AND EYE-HOLED COWL: THE IMPERIAL WIZARD OF KU KLUX KLAN CONDUCTING AN INITIATION CEREMONY AT CHICAGO.



FUNERAL RITES OF KU KLUX KLAN: THE BURIAL OF A MEMBER OF THE ORDER, ROBERT B. YOUNG, AT CEDAR HILL CEMETERY, MARYLAND.



KU KLUX KLAN, the notorious American secret society (an organization directed mainly against the coloured races and the Jews), whose weird costumes and ceremonies were illustrated in our issue of February 3 last, has again come into prominence again recently through the extraordinary events in the State of Oklahoma. The Governor, Mr. J. C. Walton, accused the Klan of having violated the State under martial law, and mobilised troops to prevent an election being held with a view to impeaching him. A counter force, however, was organised, and the election took place on October 2, in the presence of two opposing bodies of some 50,000 men each. Much light is thrown on the origin and history of the modern Ku Klux Klan by an article (the first of a series) by Mr. Edward Duffus in the October number of the "World's Work," entitled "The Ku Klux Klan: Salesmen of Hate." Nominally, the society is a revival of the Ku Klux Klan founded in 1866, after the American Civil War, to



GRAND WIZARD OF THE OLD KU KLUX KLAN: GEN. NATHAN B. FORREST.



WITH HORSES ROBED AND HOODED LIKE THEIR RIDERS: FOUR KLANSMEN HEADING A GREAT PARADE OF THE ORDER AT POINT PLEASANT, NEW JERSEY.

THE TWO CHIEF SYMBOLS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN: THE STARRY FLAG AND THE FIERY CROSS, BORNE BY MEMBERS OF THE ORDER IN THEIR FANTASTIC ROBES.

Continued. (we read) was £172,000; the actual amount paid in commissions to Colonel Simmons, £34,000, the actual amount retained for expenses, salaries and profits by the Southern Publicity Association, £118,000." A campaign of exposure against the Klan was instituted in 1921 by the New York "World," and various charges were brought against Mr. Clarke, but none of them was "sustained in court." Changes of leadership occurred. "Clarke" (writes Mr. Duffus) "had assumed the duties of Imperial Wizard in June, 1922. . . . On October 4, 1922, he announced his resignation; on November 28 the Imperial Klavern appointed a new Imperial Wizard, Hiram Wesley Evans, a dentist from Dallas, Texas; and on March 5 of the year Evans formally announced that Clarke had been removed "for the good of the order." . . . The new Wizard of the Klan is a man of quite a different stamp from either Simmons or Clarke. . . . Under

MODERN KU KLUX KLAN—NEW LIGHT ON ITS HISTORY.

(SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.)



THE FIRST KU KLUX KLAN WEDDING: A NOCTURNAL CEREMONY IN OHIO, ATTENDED BY OVER 20,000 PEOPLE—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT.



A GATHERING OF KLANSMEN OF LAWRENCE AND MERCER COUNTIES, PENNSYLVANIA: A RECORD BY A PHOTOGRAPHER KIDNAPPED AND TAKEN BLINDFOLD TO AND FROM THE MEETING.

maintain white supremacy in the old slave-holding States. The Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, whose portrait appears above, was Grand Wizard of the original Klan, which was outlawed and officially disbanded by its head and founders in 1869. The modern Klan, of the same name, was founded by "Colonel" William Joseph Simmons in 1915, as a "patriotic, secret, social, benevolent order." "In 1920," writes Mr. Duffus, "an important event occurred: Edward Young Clarke joined, saw the possibilities which inhered in the enterprise, and immediately placed behind it himself, his business associate, Major Edward P. Tyler, then a promotion company, the Southern Publicity Association. Whatever their beliefs about the Protestant religion, white supremacy, or 100 per cent. Americanism, Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Tyler both took up the Klan frankly to make money." In fifteen months the membership grew from some 5000 to 90,000. "The actual amount of money taken in

(Continued below)

FOUNDER OF THE NEW KU KLUX KLAN: "COLONEL" WILLIAM J. SIMMONS.



GROUPED ROUND THE FIERY CROSS: MEMBERS OF THE THOMAS DIXON KLAN, NO. 1, AT AN INITIATION CEREMONY NEAR BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



ON GUARD NEAR A SECRET MEETING PLACE OF THE KU KLUX KLAN: TWO MEMBERS OF THE ORDER ACTING AS SENTRIES TO PREVENT ANY OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE WITH THE PROCEEDINGS.

Evans the financial affairs of the Klan will probably be put in presentable order, and the Imperial Palace may attempt to restrain the lawless acts of which many of the local Klans have been guilty." Discussing the "crowd psychology" of the movement, Mr. Duffus says: "Behind the fringe of shrewd promoters, 'salesmen of hate' politicians, addicts of hocus pocus, skyliners, and bootleggers, who have earned the Klan a deserved odium, is a residue of earnest and aimless discontent. . . . Well directed, it might merge in an intelligent and progressive movement. . . . The modern Ku Klux Klan is directly descended, not from the post-bellum organisation of the same name, but from the American Protective Association, the Know Nothings, the Wide Awakes (a 'junior order' which terrorised New York city in the 'fifties), and the Native Americans."

FLORA AND FLUVIALES: A PLANT-HUNTER IN THE LITTLE-KNOWN.

"THE MYSTERY RIVERS OF TIBET." By F. KINGDON WARD.*

THE "mystery rivers" of Tibet are the Yangtze, the Salween, and the Mekong—in apparent size, as 5 is to 3 and as 3 is to 2. But, to be frank, Captain Kingdon Ward was less intrigued by them than the title of his new book suggests. Primarily, he was plant-hunting when he was within sound and lap of their winding waters, and, very naturally, Flora is greater to him than Fluviales: his inclination is to "say it with flowers"—

"... we began to drop down more rapidly to the arid gorge of the Yangtze, the rusty-red soil of the cultivated uplands giving place to barren gravel and rock, scantly clad with thorny bushes. Here grow *Indigofera calicola*, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, and *Clematis Delavayi*, its silken perianths just pouting their lips as they nodded on slender pedicels; also ash-coloured twiggy bushes of *Justicia Wardii*, *Buddleia eremophila* and *Spiraea sinobruica*, all gasping for water. Shrivelled plants of *Campanula colorata* flowered listlessly in the dust with species of *Lycianis* and *Arisaema*." That is of the nature of Botanomancy: divination by leaves likely to be so scattered by the errant wind that few will be left to act as oracles understood of the people.

But there is much else. The observer's vision was far from being so dimmed by pollen that he could not see, even though it fell behind the powers attributed to the field-glasses called to aid it!—"The fact that the European's eyes are large and set far back in his head, giving him a mysterious look, is probably the origin of the once-universal belief that he can see into the heart of a mountain and discern gold and precious stones beneath the surface; and further, that with the aid of his 'thousand *li* glasses' he can plainly see not only the prodigious distance implied by the name (some 300 miles), but penetrate any object in the line of sight—a belief which still commonly prevails in country districts."

Witness some notes chosen at random to represent the rest. First: of Commerce and Polity, in 1913-14. "All the goods exposed for sale [in Li-Kiang] were of European or Japanese manufacture—clocks, knives, needles, mirrors, and so forth. There was not a single article of Chinese workmanship on view. And why? Because the Chinaman is satiated with them. What he wants now is a Homburg hat, a watch, and a pair of leather boots—something *useful*, not merely ornamental. So he looks on apathetically while his country is denuded of its treasures, which become the playthings of a London drawing-room, and imports the machine-made article instead. Presently he will import the machine." Then: "China has made a very great political blunder in her attempt to conquer Tibet with the men she could best spare from her own country. Had she realised more fully that in this fanatical land, the power being all in the hands of a priestly hierarchy, the common people were sadly oppressed and ground down, she might, by fair dealing and just treatment of all, have influenced a large body of Tibetan public opinion in her favour.

"But her methods have been more barbarous than those of the Tibetans themselves. . . . China has lost her chance by employing men who, judging from what I have seen of the garrisons of Ba-t'ang, A-tun-tzu, Latsa and other places, are simply pork butchers, and officers who are unfit for their job. These latter are altogether too young and ignorant for the responsible positions they hold, and their vision is blinded by the glitter of their own brass-buttoned uniforms. . . . I have no admiration for the Chinese governing class. The Chinaman was not born to rule empires. He is peaceful and law-abiding, and so loyal a slave to custom that he will make the most intractable do as he does rather than adapt himself to new surroundings. The Chinese are the great stimulants of the Asiatic pulse, the

precious antitoxin to the latent poisons of the East. They will infuse their blood into the lazy Burmese race, into the uncouth Tibetans, into the indolent Malays, and new empires will arise. But the Chinese themselves will not again stride to world power—they have had their day."

So to matters less complex, but none the less valuable as indices. A dinner with Chinese merchants; chopped liver, sprouting beans, pickled eggs, sea-cucumbers, birds' nests, sharks' fins, bamboo shoots—and wine. "I say wine, but that is a poetic license. It is called *shao-chiu* or burning spirit; it is the colour of gin, and tastes like methylated spirit. Luckily the wine-cups are no bigger than liqueur glasses, since you must drink; to refuse would be a serious breach of etiquette. Moreover, it is necessary to play for drinks three rounds with each guest at your table: a strange game, showing fingers and shouting a number. Every time you shout the number corresponding to the total of fingers shown, you lose—a drink forfeit. A rapid calculation assured me that I was in imminent peril of twenty-seven drinks; but happily I won several times. The fun waxed fast and furious, men were shouting across the room to each other, rocking with helpless laughter."

The "insect-plant"—"Of all the plants which clothed the spur round my tent, none was more curious than a small fungus which grew up from the short Alpine turf like a black finger; for each was the living tombstone of a caterpillar, out of whose decayed body it grew. "The Chinese, who set a high value on it as medicine (for which excellent reason my 'boy' spent all his spare time lying on his belly looking for these little curiosities to sell for a fabulous sum on his return to Tali-fu), call it *chung-ts'ao*, that is, 'insect-plant.' Naturally they believe that the insect turns into the plant—an idea not so uncouth as it sounds. Anyway, it is a most grotesque growth, the little black fungus finger above and the shrivelled brown skin, retaining the shape of the dead caterpillar, below. It well deserves its honoured place in the Chinese pharmacopoeia, entry into which is obtained only by intrinsic merit in the realm of natural curiosity."

Next: the slave Nung, not particularly well-developed, but great carriers. "Their tremendous

power of endurance, in spite of such paltry food, is not a question of physical strength, but of some other quality developed by carrying weights from childhood. Samson himself would have been out-marched and outstayed by those *Hkunung* coolies." And the *Lutzu* girls. "Supporting their loads by means of a head strap, thus having their hands free, they usually walk alone twisting hemp fibre, held between the teeth; a supply of hemp, together with food, being carried, not in a basket such as the Tibetan girls of *Jana* sling over the shoulder, but in a cloth bag like that carried by the *Kachin* and *Maru*." Still on the same: "The Tibetans had a quaint way of drawing lots for the loads, some of which were more awkward to carry than others. Each person handed to the headman who had summoned them a symbol; one gave a feather, another a piece of rag or a stick, a third offered a walnut shell, and so on. Then the head man shook them all up, and walking round placed each on one of the loads; and the person whose symbol it was, claimed that load."

From life to death: "Near the village of *Tzu-li* I noticed some *Lisu* graves on the hill-side, low



READY TO HEAL THE SICK BY CASTING OUT DEVILS: A TIBETAN SORCERER AND HIS ASSISTANT.

The services of itinerant sorcerers are much in demand in Tibet for healing the sick by casting out devils. Their method of exorcism includes the beating of drums and repetition of prayers.

the short Alpine turf like a black finger; for each was the living tombstone of a caterpillar, out of whose decayed body it grew.

"The Chinese, who set a high value on it as medicine (for which excellent reason my 'boy' spent all his spare time lying on his belly looking for these little curiosities to sell for a fabulous sum on his return to Tali-fu), call it *chung-ts'ao*, that is, 'insect-plant.' Naturally they believe that the insect turns into the plant—an idea not so uncouth as it sounds. Anyway, it is a most grotesque growth, the little black fungus finger above and the shrivelled brown skin, retaining the shape of the dead caterpillar, below. It well deserves its honoured place in the Chinese pharmacopoeia, entry into which is obtained only by intrinsic merit in the realm of natural curiosity."

Next: the slave Nung, not particularly well-developed, but great carriers. "Their tremendous



WITH CORDED HAIR AND WOOLLEN END-PIECE, ARRANGED TURBAN-FASHION, AND LARGE EAR-RINGS: A TIBETAN DANCING-GIRL.

The girl's hair is braided into many strands which are bound round the top of the head, with a woollen end-piece woven into the queue. The effect is like a turban. The large ear-rings are partly suspended from the hair.

mounds roofed over with sticks laid like rafters against a central beam running the length of the grave. Sometimes the roof is made complete with slates. The first was a woman's grave, and at the head stood the property her spirit would require in the next world—pipe, basket, bamboo drinking vessel, and stone wine jar. A little further on was another with hat, arrow-case, sword and crossbow, hung at the head, protected from the rain by a wooden shield, and a cooking pot and wine jar on the ground. Suspended from a bamboo stick a paper bird with wings outspread hovered over the grave. It is interesting to note that a bird was always figured on the elaborate *Kachin* and *Maru* graves I subsequently saw in the Burmese hinterland."

So to the "black" *Lutzu*, with a Tibetan type, tall men and good-looking women, and a tribal type, ugly dwarfs of both sexes; the "white" *Lutzu*, less uncouth; and the dwarf Nungs, of whom one would gladly have heard more, curiosity having been excited thus: "I heard a curious story of the *Taron* people from the Tibetans before I ever saw dwarf Nung. Somewhere, not many days' journey from *Menkung*, they said, was found a people who lived in trees with the monkeys, as their country was a swamp full of snakes and tigers! They had no clothes, because they could not sew, and the Tibetans were only able to trade with them twice a year!"

Very well it was that Captain Kingdon Ward had the determination to push on and brush aside the many difficulties that were in his path. He can safely say, as did Nelson's "Public Secretary," John Scott, that he was "All Alive"! His narrative is full proof of that, and it will be much appreciated.

E. H. G.



A "CAMBRIDGE-BLUE" POPPY: *MECONOPSIS SPECIOSA* GROWING AT 16,000 FEET IN YUNNAN.

"The fragrant Cambridge-blue poppy of Yunnan was originally discovered by Mr. George Forrest. It has never been raised in this country."

Illustrations from "The Mystery Rivers of Tibet," by Captain F. Kingdon Ward. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. 21s. net.)



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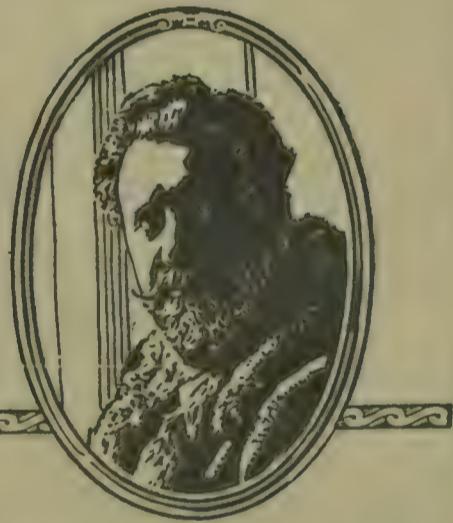
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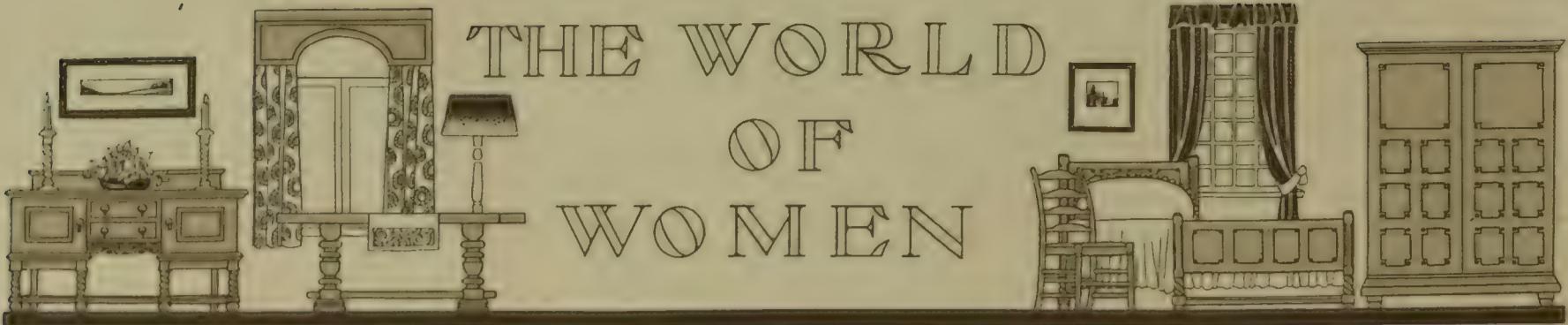
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THE fiat has gone forth for the return of the slim silhouette. Sheath but not hobble skirts, says the dress-designer glibly; for he is a man, as a rule, and the puzzle of fitting two legs into a sheath without hobbling them is not his, but ours. What his feelings would be if he had to get both his lower limbs into one trouser-leg and then go for a walk he never stops to consider. Now there is threat of a revolution in woman's world, for inconveniences are not suffered gladly, if fools are. Many have carelessly put on flesh in the holidays; others have become accustomed to the absolute freedom of lower-limb movement demanded by up-to-date, strenuous tennis, and in a lesser degree by golf. Modern dancing can possibly be accomplished by fettered legs, the steps are so short and deliberate. Altogether, it would seem that the sway of the sheath skirt will be limited. It will be assumed with alacrity by slim, long-limbed women who, after a short triumph over their differently endowed sisters, will want to use their long slim limbs in natural graceful fashion, and will abandon their sheath skirts for less cabining and confining garments. Those who say that the new sheath skirts are to fit closely and yet give perfect freedom, speak foolishly; the thing cannot be done.

The Venice-Lido season has lasted longer than most of those devoted to bathing. What would our grandmothers say if they saw their descendants, male and female, clad in pyjamas of queer pattern and many designs, enjoying themselves like young seals in and out of the wavelets, basking in the sun, smoking cigarettes—wherein the seals are more sensible and do not indulge—and amusing themselves as if there was no such thing in life as any kind of responsibility whatever? I expect these young people, of all ages, would think their grandmothers would say what a pity it was that they were born when the world was so much younger, and had not made rapid strides to its second childhood and to its theory that life should be pleasure all the way. What our grandmothers would say we none of us know, and they know infinitely more than any of us. If they were now as they were in the flesh, then they would think us all very mad and rather bad, whereas, on the whole, it is more a case of other times other manners—whether these are better or worse!

The Marchioness of Zetland is making an appeal for help for the Southern Irish Loyalists Relief Association. A little while ago I was speaking to an old friend from Southern Ireland who was happily in possession of an income independent of that from his estate in Mayo, and was able to leave it and settle over here. He told me that to his knowledge there were nine families within some miles of his Irish home driven out by threats and by having their beasts driven away and all their things stolen. He gave me details of how they had arrived in England all but destitute, and how the S.I.L.R.A. had tactfully helped them over a difficult time. The Free State Government cannot, at once, give compensation, and will never be able to give it adequately. These people have been loyal to England and to our King and Government, and have suffered for that and that alone. Yet Jews, Turks, and infidels are regarded by many as fitter subjects for sympathy and help than these our own suffering fellow country people. He was bitter about it, was my friend, and said it would be—well, quite a bad word he used—altogether were it not for this Association, which was being used freely now that these poor and self-respecting folk had ascertained that there would be no humiliation and absolute privacy in each case. There is to be a jumble sale in aid of this Association on the 25th at the Parish Hall of Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Gifts to it and to the Association Headquarters, 23, Tedworth Square, Chelsea, will be of great assistance to a cause about which we are kept considerably in the dark, for wholly political and doubtless good enough reasons.

Wherever one goes in Scotland among the crofters, fisherfolk, and factory workers, one finds women in favour of "going dry." This is not to be wondered at, for that the earnings should come to them regularly is a tremendous asset in general well-being. It seems a very poor kind of self-control which is obtained by law, but it is, from the women's point of view, at least useful. What almost every woman will tell you

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

about her man and her boys is that they get poisonous liquor for their money, and that where licenses are limited it is worse than ever, for the one or very few publicans are set on making what they can while their license lasts, feeling it a precarious affair. Strict control of the sale of intoxicants would seem a better policy than stopping the sale of them, which proves very expensive, rather futile, and is insulting to man's intelligence and free will. Well-to-do folk can make sure of buying fairly good spirits and wine; poorer people take what they can get, and the sooner it affects their minds the more they want. This is, at least, what the women tell one. Gillies and keepers, whose drinks are usually supplied by their employers, are, as a rule, very sober and moderate men. Long ago, in an outlying district in Ireland, there was one town-land, a kind of straggling village, which sent more inmates to the lunatic asylum than places five times more populous. An honest sergeant of the R.I.C. discovered that the publican was mixing ether with his whisky. He was routed out, and years later I was told that the place was quite reformed. Another significant fact gleaned in talks with working Scots-women is that religious revivals and so-called conversions are doing far more to keep the men sober than the "dry" movement. In these the women join whole-heartedly with the men, and, putting the religious point of view aside, they prove blessings in many places.

The King and Queen will be in London off and on for a month, and that will give an impetus to the

autumn season, which promises quite well. Since the French and English *entente* has been firmly established, and proved at no time in great danger, there is a brighter spirit prevailing. If America would only whole-heartedly join with Britain and France in seeking European well-being, with Italy and Belgium, all would be well. That would be a real League of Nations, all-powerful for good, practical, workable, and beneficent. The Conference of Empire Premiers will make for social stir this autumn in town, as there will be many entertainments for them and for their womenkind accompanying them.

The wedding of the Hon. Olivia Harcourt to the Hon. John Mulholland next week will be of special interest. Both of their families are well known; it is doubtful if there is a Peeress in Britain with so many friends and such a paucity of enemies as Viscountess Harcourt. So many years has she lived in England, and such numerous friends has she made, that her American origin is almost forgotten. Not at all by herself; she is as patriotic an American as she ever was, and, loving England too, is a cementer of an *entente*—or that better and more Saxon thing, a firm friendship—which is as important to the peace of the world as ours with France. The Irish Treaty is said to have removed America's last cause of tension with us. We hope it has; it was costly enough to us and to Ireland. Miss Olivia Harcourt, in marrying a Northern Irishman, who with his three surviving brothers fought for the Empire—the eldest was killed early in the war—is not leaving Great Britain in her

marriage. She has her mother's genius for making friends, and is clever and highly educated. Her brother, the present Lord Harcourt, is about sixteen now, and a fine boy. The Vernon Harcourt family had as a distinguished forbear an Archbishop of York who was a really

great Churchman. Nuneham Park, the beautiful family seat in Oxfordshire, narrowly escaped being burnt by the Suffragettes when they were at the climax of their violent campaign.

A. E. L.



A beautiful lacquer screen and lamp form the background to this attractive corner furnished by Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W. The comfortable black couch is effectively decorated by brocade cushions of every hue, which are carried out in novel shapes and sizes.

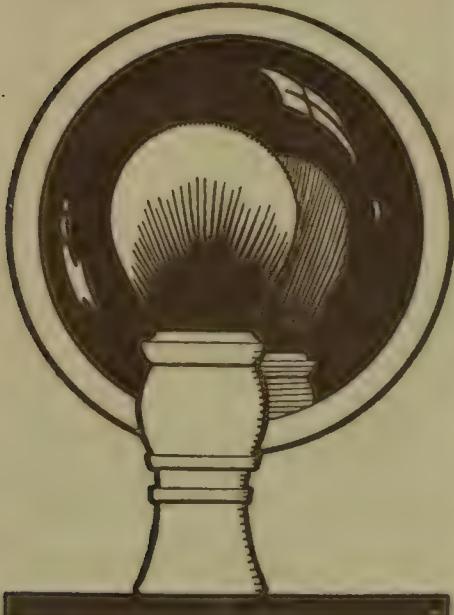


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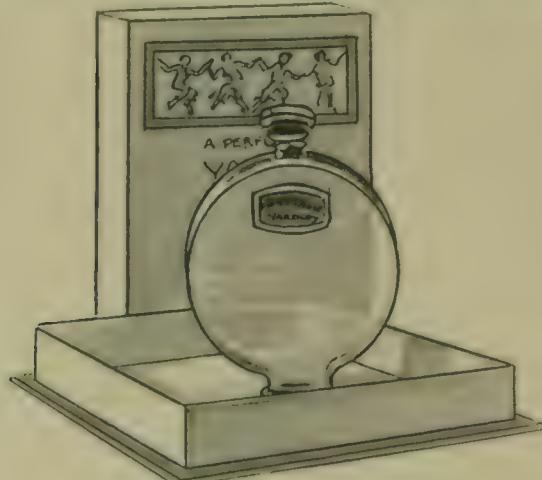
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A bottle containing the fragrant Bond Street Perfume, sponsored by Yardley's.

of using fragrant perfumes wherewith to express their personality. A never-failing source of attraction is the fragrant and elusive "Bond Street Perfume," which is sponsored by the well-known firm of Yardley's, 8, New Bond Street, W. It is contained in two of the bottles sketched on this page. One, flat and circular, is specially designed for packing (price 9s. 6d.); and the other, a hexagonal shape (price £1 1s.), is an effective ornament to the dressing-table and makes a very attractive gift. It is enclosed in an artistic box depicting in soft colourings an old-time coaching scene. "Bond Street" face powder and talcum powder complete the toilet of the fastidious woman. The former is 4s. 3d. per box, and the talcum 2s. 9d., hygienically packed in a glass bottle. It is superfluous to dwell upon the excellence of Yardley's Lavender Series; its merits are as well known as the familiar picture of the Lavender Sellers which is synonymous with this firm. It is, however, useful to

remember that the Lavender Gift Case, price 10s. 6d., which contains everything necessary for the toilet, is available for men also, and includes a shaving stick, shaving soap, etc. A catalogue giving full details of this firm's delightful products will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Fashions in Furniture.

The present vogue for all things Eastern is as apparent in furniture as it is in frocks, and the well-known firm of Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W., have demonstrated on page 670 how effective Japanese lacquer can be when introduced into lamps, screens, and various other useful objects. Even the necessary



There is no need to worry about the complexion when one possesses this mirrored box containing a powder-puff and Yardley's Lavender Compact Powder. It slips into any bag, and can be taken everywhere. Shaded at Yardley's, 8, New Bond Street, W.

blotter is transformed into a handsome ornament when its covers are composed of red or blue lacquer enriched with gold. These are obtainable from 27s. 6d. each. The fashion for embroidery is also noticeable, translated into garlands of raised flowers, carried out in painted wood, which decorate charming powder-puff bowls and work-baskets. They range from 21s.

and 25s. respectively. Naturally, Hamptons need no introduction to lovers of beautiful carpets, and it is welcome news indeed that the same super-excellent qualities are expressed in numbers of small and inexpensive rugs. The oval Wilton rug is especially effective both by reason of its shape and the many attractive designs which characterise it. The price is only 12s. 3d. An exact replica of a fine Persian rug, distinctive on account of the design and the fringe appearing at each end instead of at the sides, is obtainable in various sizes; 25s. 9d. is the cost of one 4 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 3 in.

An Exhibition of Note.

The North British Hotel, Edinburgh, will be the scene of an interesting exhibition from Oct. 15 to 17, when Mme. Barri, the well-known dress-designer, of 33, New Bond Street, W., will show her latest models. Naturally, children's and babies' clothes, for which Mme. Barri is justly famous, will also be well represented.

Novelties of the Week. Well-cut shirt-blouses, striped in many attractive colour schemes and made of fine mercerised poplin (which has the appearance of silk), are obtainable for the exceedingly modest sum of 5s.



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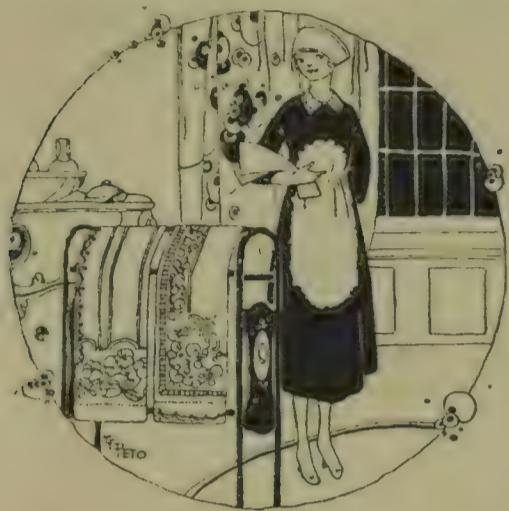
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NAPKINS to match.

Size 22 x 22 inches ... 6 for 13/9
" 24 x 24 " ... " 15/9

NO. I.L.N. 1310. BLEACHED PUR IRISH LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS AND NAPKINS. Design: Ornamental Border Wreath and Stripe Centre. Suitable for square tables.

Size 2 x 2 yards each 20/6
" 2 x 2½ " ... " 25/-
" 63 x 63 inches ... " 15/9

NAPKINS to match

Size 22 x 22 inches ... 6 for 11/9
" 24 x 24 " ... " 13/6



Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases

NO. I.L.N. 1310. PURE IRISH LINEN SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES, plain hemmed, woven from pure flax yarns, medium weight.

Size 2 x 3 yards ... per pair 47/6
" 2 x 3½ " ... " 55/-
" 2½ x 3 " ... " 61/6
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Also in a fine quality ... " 3/9



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Size 15 x 22 inches ... 6 for 10/6
" 15 x 24 " ... " 11/9

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NO. I.L.N. 1310. BLEACHED PURE IRISH LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS AND NAPKINS.

Size 68 x 72 inches ... each 12/6
" 68 x 90 " ... " 15/9
" 68 x 108 " ... " 18/9

NAPKINS to match.

Size 22 x 22 inches ... 6 for 7/3
" 24 x 24 " ... " 8/6

NO. I.L.N. 1310. HEAVY UNBLEACHED LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS.

Size 57 x 57 inches ... each 7/6
" 68 x 68 " ... " 10/9
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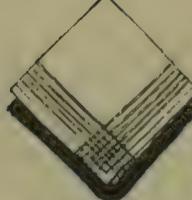
Size 24 x 40 inches ... 6 for 11/6

NO. I.L.N. 1310. HEAVY ALL-LINEN CHECK GLASS OR TEA TOWELLING by the yard.

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THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH; or, WITH SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. By HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., F.R.P.S., F.Z.S. With an Introduction by LADY SCOTT. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a popular and revised edition, at a very moderate price, of Mr. Herbert Ponting's beautifully illustrated account of the Scott Expedition to the Antarctic of 1910-1913, at once the most tragic and the most inspiring episode in the history of Polar exploration. Mr. Ponting was on the scientific staff of the expedition as "Camera Artist," and his admirable descriptions, photographs, and films have been a powerful means of preserving and spreading the memory of that great, though ill-fated endeavour. When in May 1924 he gave a command presentation of his film pictures at Buckingham Palace, the King expressed to him the hope that every British boy might see them, as the story could not be known too widely among the youth of the nation, for it would help to promote the spirit of adventure that had made the Empire. Doubtless it bore fruit when the call to arms came a few weeks later. Mr. Ponting's book is animated by a fine spirit of loyalty and devotion to his lost leader, whose widow contributes an Introduction to the new edition. Another point worth noting is the fact that all the 175 illustrations that appeared in the original 30s. volume of 1921 have been included. They are photographs by a master of his craft, picturing vividly the aspect of the Antarctic scene, and the habits of its animals and birds. It is, indeed, a book that teems with interest for the lover of natural history, and as a record of British endurance and heroism it should find an honoured place in the annals of travel.

SCATTERED SCARLET. By WILL H. OGILVIE. Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS. (Constable; 2s. 6d. net.)

In our issue of September 29 we reproduced in colour three of the eight pictures which Mr. Lionel Edwards has painted to illustrate Mr. Will H. Ogilvie's new volume of hunting verse. As there mentioned, the illustrator holds a high place among sporting artists, and the quality of his work may safely be left to recommend itself. It harmonises admirably with that of the author, and the book, like its predecessor, "Galloping Shoes," is an example of the happiest collaboration, both partners in the production being full of enthusiasm for their subject. Mr. Ogilvie is establishing a good claim to be called the laureate of the hunting field. He is a real poet, and no mere jingler of doggerel rhyme. His poems, while full of life and movement, as befits a bard of the open air, are marked by style and



MILITARY HONOURS FOR "SONS OF ITALY BARBAROUSLY MURDERED": ITALIAN TROOPS OUTSIDE SAN CARLO, MILAN, AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE JANINA VICTIMS.

The bodies of the Italian mission massacred near Janina were landed at Taranto on September 21. The next day they were borne in procession through Rome, where a memorial service was held in the Church of the Apostles. Afterwards the dead were sent each to his native place for burial. A memorial service was also held in the Church of San Carlo at Milan, with military honours, as illustrated above. The inscription on the drapery over the portico describes the victims as "sons of Italy, missionaries of a just peace on the borders of Albania and Greece, barbarously murdered."—[Photograph by James's Press Agency.]

polish, and great variety of metre. Nor do they deal entirely with the external picture. He has an eye for the beauties of Nature, imagination to enter into the thoughts and feelings of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and animals, sympathy with the hunted as well as with the hunter. It would be hard to find any phase of the sporting life that is not reflected in his verse, and touched with a light of genuine emotion. The title of the book is taken from the following stanza:

"Man is the master and Time the varlet
When scent is burning and hounds run right,
Though fields be flecked with our scattered scarlet,
And lanes be lit with our squandered white."

Other extracts from the poems were given with the colour-pictures which we reproduced. If sportsmen read poetry, they will certainly enjoy this fresh and wholesome book.

UNDER THE LAW. By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

The younger generation is here shown in revolt against social conventions, until, caught in the meshes of the law, the youthful iconoclasts plead for "a second chance." Interwoven with this very modern problem the book has an element of romance and mystery.

NORDENHOLT'S MILLIONS. By J. J. CONNINGTON. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

In a lurid story of scientific imagination the author pictures a world-wide famine caused by an accidental explosion releasing denitrifying bacteria, which spread rapidly and destroy all vegetation. Humanity, menaced with extinction, is saved by Nordenholt, who, with a million picked helpers, within an enclosed area in Scotland, devises machinery which produces enough nitrogenous materials to preserve the remnant of mankind.

We much regret that, describing the Pedrugal discoveries near Mexico City, in our last issue, we incorrectly acknowledged the source of our information. The article and photographs were supplied, not (as we stated) by Dr. Manuel Gamio, the Mexican archaeologist who made the discoveries, but by Mr. Thomas Gann, who is a lecturer on Central American Archaeology in the University of Liverpool, and is at present working with the Carnegie Institution of Washington on the ruins of Chichen Itza in Yucatan. Mr. Gann is a Member of the Legislative Council and Principal Medical Officer of British Honduras, where he has conducted explorations. He is a well-known authority on the archaeology of the Maya Indians of Southern Yucatan and Honduras.

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DESIGNED AND MADE BY MESSRS. HARRODS: THE WOLSEY CHALLENGE CUP. The Wolsey Challenge Cup was made for the Wolsey Underwear Company, of Leicester, and is to be presented, with a cheque for £200, for the most effective window display of Wolsey or Rameses underwear. The cup was designed and produced by Messrs. Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

graph showed not the Supermarine "Sea Lion II.," but the "Pellet," which sank during the preliminary trials. "Our machine," they explain, "is of different construction entirely. Notably, it is fitted as a pusher—i.e., the propeller being fitted behind the engine—whereas the 'Pellet' is fitted as a tractor—i.e., the propeller being in front of the engine."

CHESS.

H GREENWOOD (Glossop).—Thanks for problem. We hope to find a place for one of yours at an early date.

M SHAIDA ALI KHAN (Bombay).—Your solution would have been a correct one—although anything but problem-like—if 3912 had been a three-mover. It was, however, a two-mover, but, unfortunately, was not so described under the diagram at the time of publication. We have given you credit for your effort all the same.

A A HUME (Torquay).—We regret the misunderstanding, but trust you will favour us with a substitute in due course.

W E STOPFORD (Bowrah, New South Wales).—It is gratifying to know you derive so much pleasure from solving our two-movers, and that we can give you the opportunity of such simple but effective recreation. How far other people, however, would be equally delighted must be a matter of conjecture, and meanwhile in our limited space we have to cater for tastes that demand a wide variety of fare. We do our best, meanwhile, to please all palates.

H E McFARLAND (St. Louis, U.S.A.).—Letter and paper to hand, with many thanks. We think your last issue a most creditable achievement.

G L HOPE (Edinburgh) AND SEVERAL OTHERS.—In your proposed solution of No. 3914, how do you meet Black's reply of: 1. — P Qs? The suggested mate of 2. R takes Q P is surely answered by 2. — Kt to Q 3rd.

H W SATOW (Bangor).—Correction duly to hand.

CASIMIR DICKSON (Vancouver, B.C.).—We are only too pleased to have the chance of publishing specimens of Colonial skill, both in games and problems. Our difficulty is to get them offered, and such contributions as yours will be always welcomed.

L W CAFFERATA (Newark).—Please retain your privileges, and we trust to find you as regular a correspondent in future as you have been in the past. You are quite right about No. 3913: such problems are rare.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played at Vancouver in the Championship Tournament of the British Columbian Chess Federation, between Messrs. B. A. YATES and H. W. Jenkins.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.) BLACK (Mr. J.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K 5th P takes P

The authorities are divided on the value of this move, but in any case B to K 2nd is more usual, and preserves Black's centre for defence.

5. B takes Kt P takes B
6. Kt takes P P to K B 4th
7. Kt to Kt 3rd B to Kt 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
9. P to B 3rd Q to K 2nd
10. B to Q 3rd B to Q 2nd
11. Castles Castles (Q R)

12. P to K 4th
Black has so clearly indicated his intention of an attack on the King's wing that White should at once have looked to his defences instead of wasting time on the feeble counter-attack here commenced. Q to K 2nd, followed by Q R to K sq, was essential.

13. Q R to Kt sq
14. P to Q R 4th P to K R 4th
A well-timed stroke, marking the beginning of the end.

15. P to R 5th P to R 5th
16. Kt to K 2nd
Kt to B sq was better; but White is in obvious difficulties.

WHITE (Mr. Y.) BLACK (Mr. J.)

16. B to B sq
17. P to Kt 5th Q to Kt 2nd
18. P to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 5th
19. P takes Kt B takes P

The sacrifice is fully justified, breaking up as it does White's counter-stroke and bringing another formidable piece to share in the attack.

20. Kt to K 5th Q to R 6th
21. Kt to K B 4th

Thinking to catch the Queen, but Black has a complete mastery of the position, and is prepared with a magnificent reply.

21. Q takes R P (ch)
22. K to B sq

Mate follows in two if the Queen is taken.

22. P takes P
23. Q to Q 2nd P to Kt 7th (ch)
24. K to K 2nd B to K 3rd
25. Kt takes B B takes Kt
26. Kt tks P (ch) K to Q sq
27. Q to Q sq Q to R 4th (ch)
28. P to B 3rd R to Kt 6th
29. K to B 2nd P Queens (ch)
30. R takes Q Q to R 7th (ch)
31. K to K sq R takes R (ch)
32. B to B sq B to Kt 6 (mate)

A very finely played game by Black, and exhibiting a high standard of chess skill.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3910 received from Horace J. McFarland (St. Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 3911 from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); Horace E McFarland, and H F Marker (Porbandar India); of No. 3912 from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Bombay) and H F Marker; of No. 3913 from H Burgess, Albert Taylor (Sheffield), E M Vicars (Norwich) and J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willow).

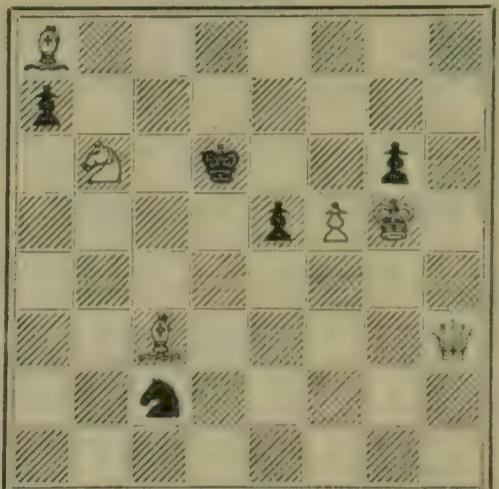
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3915 received from Albert Taylor (Sheffield), D B S (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J P S (Cricklewood), George Kunzle (Birmingham), A W Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), R P Nicholson (Crayke), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), Michael O'Leary (Rugby), E M Vicars (Norwich), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J J Duckworth, H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), H M Satow (Bangor), J Hunter (Leicester) S Caldwell (Hove), L W Cafferata (Newark), R B N (Tewkesbury), H W Satow (Bangor), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), F J Fallwell (Caterham) and L D Heppenstall (Wakefield).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3914.—BY J. T. LETSOS.

WHITE
1. R to B 2nd
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 3916.—BY H. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Italian Chess Federation held its first International Tournament during September, with the following results. P. Johner (Switzerland), first, with 9½ points; E. Canal (Peru), second, with 8½ points; F. D. Yates (England), third, with 7½ points; and Dr. Tarrasch (Germany), fourth, with 7 points. The position gained by the Peruvian player was a noteworthy performance, and much interest will be taken in his future appearances.

We have rarely seen anything more enterprising than the monthly magazine called the *Gambit*, issued by the Missouri Pacific Chess Club, and published in St. Louis, U.S.A. It is chiefly typewritten, but its ambitious character can be understood from the fact that it is devoting three successive numbers to the life and games of Philidor, besides recording contemporaneous news and incidents. We wish the venture all success.



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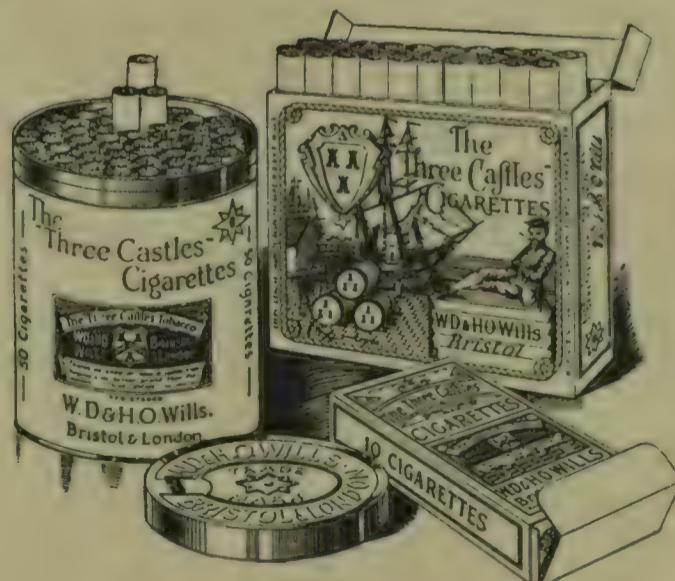
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The Cigarette with the Pedigree

T.C.83

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The New Transmission.

Everybody is talking about the Constantinesco "converter," which is said to be going to revolutionise power transmission on the motor-car. I have not seen this new gear, and am not, therefore,

admitted I have no practical acquaintance. All I am saying is that the "converter" still remains to prove itself in practical use. If it is all that is claimed for it, then it is a very wonderful invention. It will do away with all such things as clutches, gear-boxes, bevels, and so on. It will simplify and cheapen the cost of producing the motor-vehicle to an extent that can only be guessed at. But the point to bear in mind at the moment is that it still has to prove itself to the satisfaction of both public and constructor, so nobody need hold his hand in the matter of car purchase yet.

The 14-h.p. Crossley. I have recently been trying the latest model

Crossley—the 14, to wit. I like it very much, and place it well among the best of the moderate-powered medium-priced cars of the class. It seems to have all the qualities for which one looks in the car of good class, such as the Crossley productions undoubtedly are. The engine pulls very well indeed—distinctly better than the average. It is quiet, and has a very good range of flexibility—I found I could

travel at any speed from six miles an hour to something over fifty on "top." The steering is simply delightful. I do not remember handling any car in which it was better, and very few in which I found it as good. What this means in a long day's driving every experienced motorist knows. I could really become enthusiastic about this very outstanding point of a good all-round car. The brakes I found excellent. Either foot or hand-brakes pulled the car up easily and positively when travelling fast, and the general balance of the car is so good that

there is a marked absence of tendency to skid when the brakes are pulled hard on when at speed.

The standard open touring body which was fitted to the car I had for test was exceptionally comfortable and well built, with plenty of accommodation for tools, spares, and so on. An adequate all-weather equipment is provided, and provision is made for storing the side-curtain when not in use in a receptacle formed behind the front seats. On the whole and in detail I like this Crossley 14 very much, and should never hesitate for a moment to recommend it to anybody requiring a car in its class.

Prices of C.A.V. Batteries.

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in a position to pass judgment upon it. All one can say at the moment is that the results already achieved are sufficiently wonderful to give rise to considerable speculation as to whether or not it marks an epoch in mechanically propelled transport. Before we proceed to fix our faith upon this, or any other similar invention, it is well to remember that we have heard similar things about other inventions in the past. The trouble with all these things is that they seem perfect in the experimental and model stage, but when it becomes a matter of practical application to the purposes of everyday use there turns out to be some unforeseen difficulty, either of manufacture or use, which condemns a promising idea to oblivion. It would be both idle and foolish to venture an adverse opinion on an invention of which I have already



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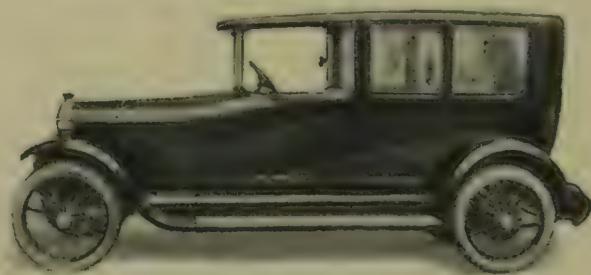


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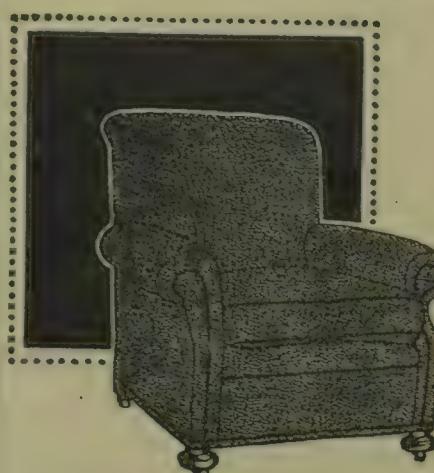
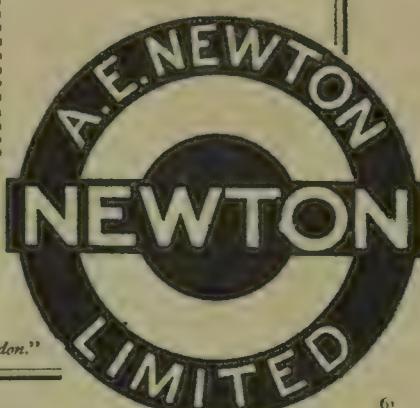
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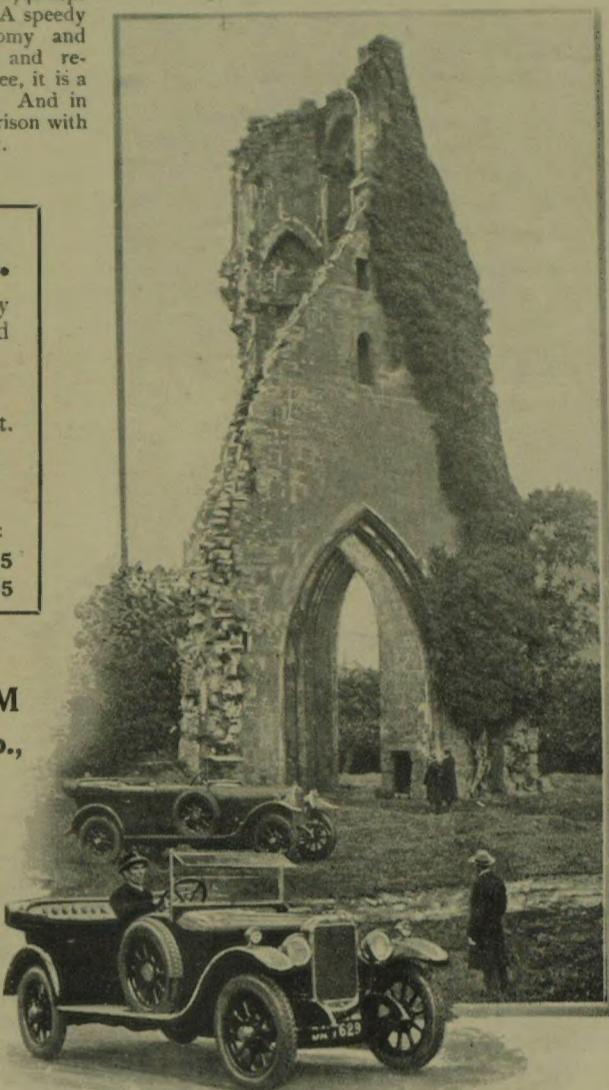
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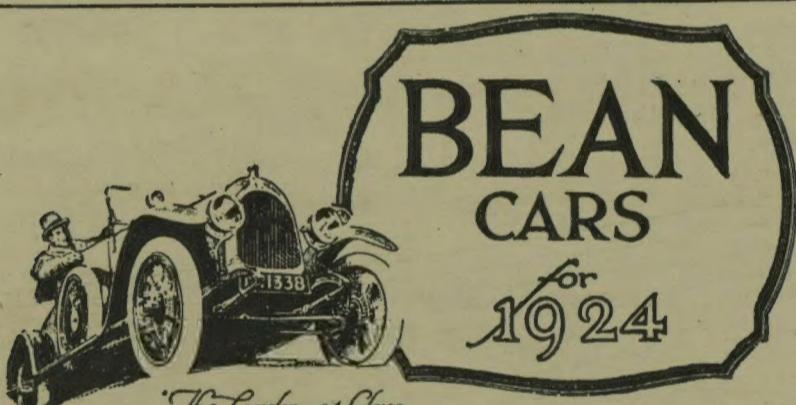


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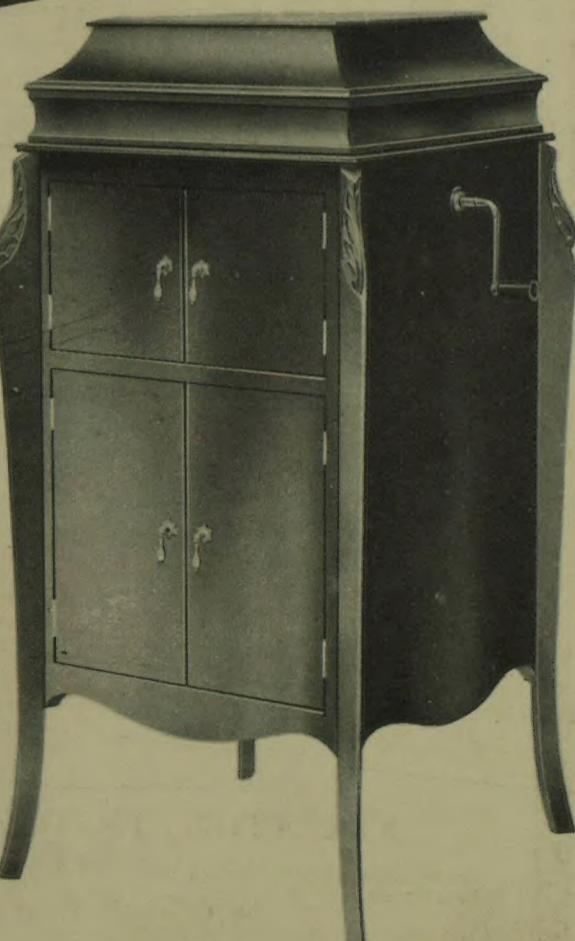
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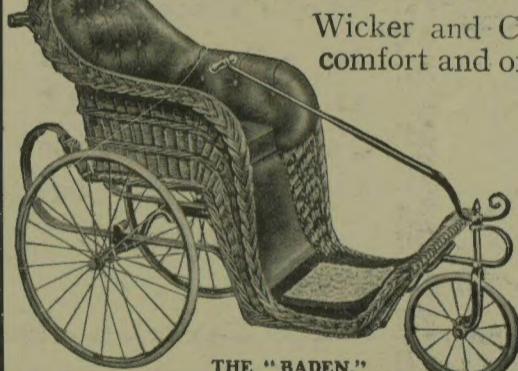
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